

STARBLAZER

A detailed illustration of a giant, green, skeletal alien creature with a wide, toothy mouth, emerging from a complex, industrial, and somewhat derelict environment. The creature is surrounded by various mechanical structures, pipes, and what appears to be a large, rusted metal hull. The background is filled with intricate details of a futuristic or alien cityscape, with various buildings and structures in shades of orange, red, and brown. The overall style is reminiscent of classic comic book art.

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 132

22p

LOCKED IN THE HULL OF A
ROTTING CRAFT, DEEP
UNDER THE OCEAN OF AN
ALIEN PLANET, LIES A
DEADLY THREAT TO THE
EARTH EMPIRE. IT IS ...

THE UNDEAD

STARBLAZER



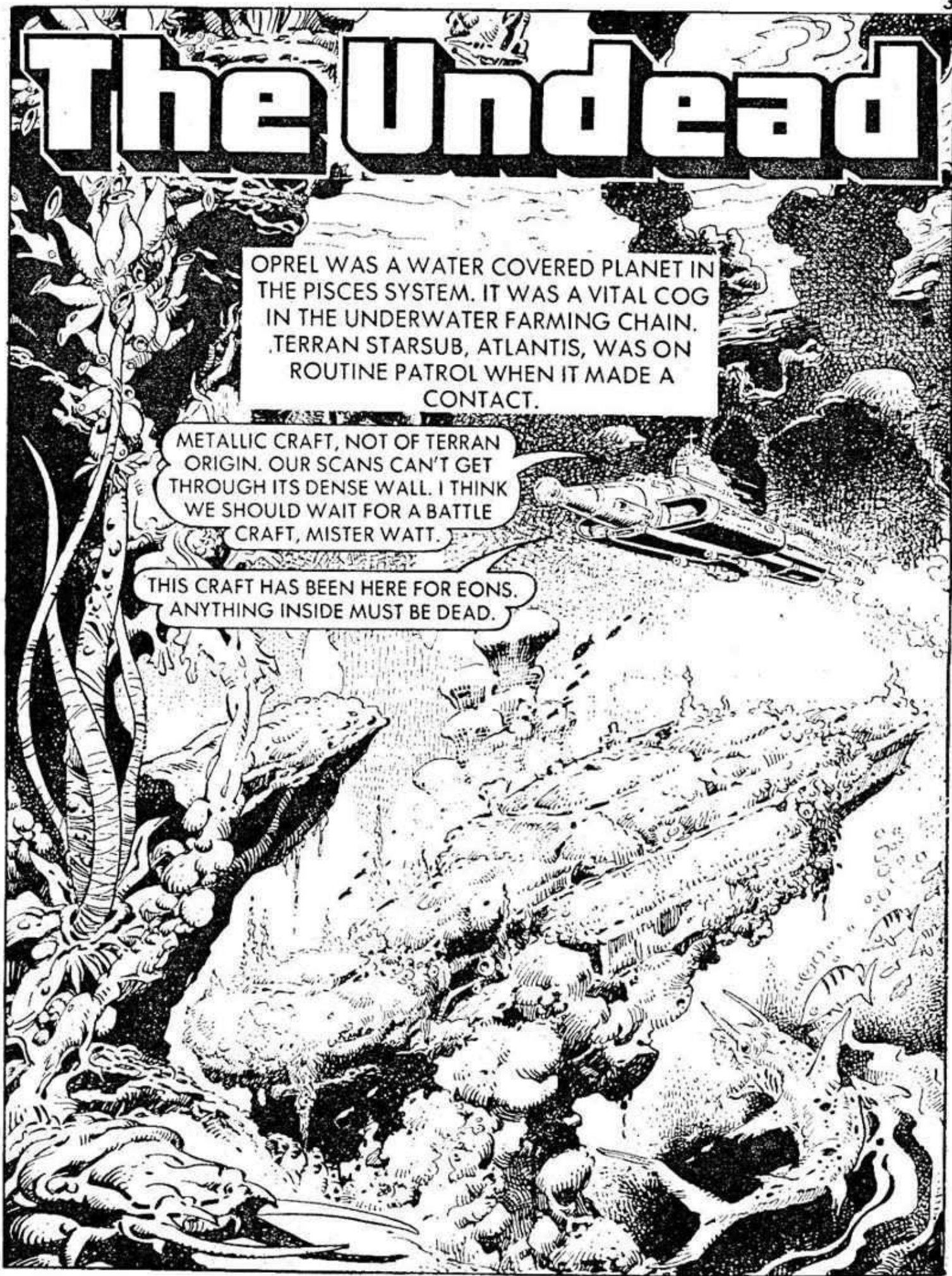
EARTH COLONISATION REACHED OUT AND COVERED THE GALAXY. THE DEMAND FOR FOOD WAS SO GREAT THAT MAN TURNED TO THE VAST OCEANS OF FAR-OFF PLANETS. ON OPREL, A SEAFARM COLONY, SURVEYING WAS UNDER WAY IN PREPARATION FOR THE OPENING UP OF NEW AREAS. UNKNOWN TO ANYBODY, THERE LURKED, DORMANT IN THE DEEP, A MENACE SO CHILLING THAT THE WHOLE OF MANKIND WAS IN DEADLY DANGER. IT WAS A BODYLESS EVIL, LOOKING FOR SUITABLE HOSTS TO INHABIT . . .

The Undead

OPREL WAS A WATER COVERED PLANET IN THE PISCES SYSTEM. IT WAS A VITAL COG IN THE UNDERWATER FARMING CHAIN. TERRAN STARSUB, ATLANTIS, WAS ON ROUTINE PATROL WHEN IT MADE A CONTACT.

METALLIC CRAFT, NOT OF TERRAN ORIGIN. OUR SCANS CAN'T GET THROUGH ITS DENSE WALL. I THINK WE SHOULD WAIT FOR A BATTLE CRAFT, MISTER WATT.

THIS CRAFT HAS BEEN HERE FOR EONS. ANYTHING INSIDE MUST BE DEAD.



ARLOW WATT WAS A UNITEC, A UNIVERSAL SCIENCE TECHNICIAN, WHOSE JOB WAS TO MONITOR THE VITALLY NEEDED FOOD SUPPLIES —

FAIR ENOUGH! USE THE INVESTITUBE.

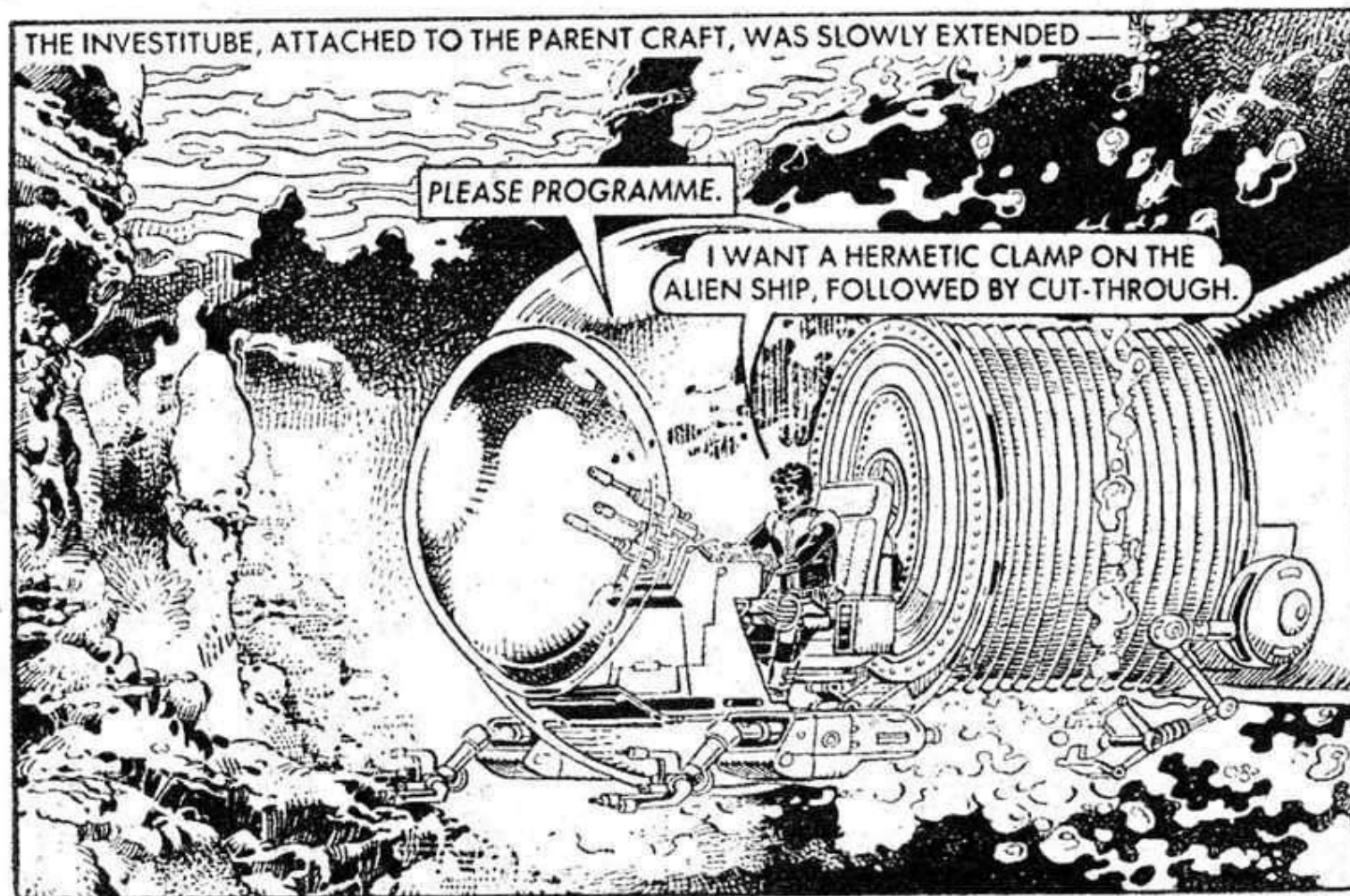
INVESTITUBE



THE INVESTITUBE, ATTACHED TO THE PARENT CRAFT, WAS SLOWLY EXTENDED —

PLEASE PROGRAMME.

I WANT A HERMETIC CLAMP ON THE ALIEN SHIP, FOLLOWED BY CUT-THROUGH.

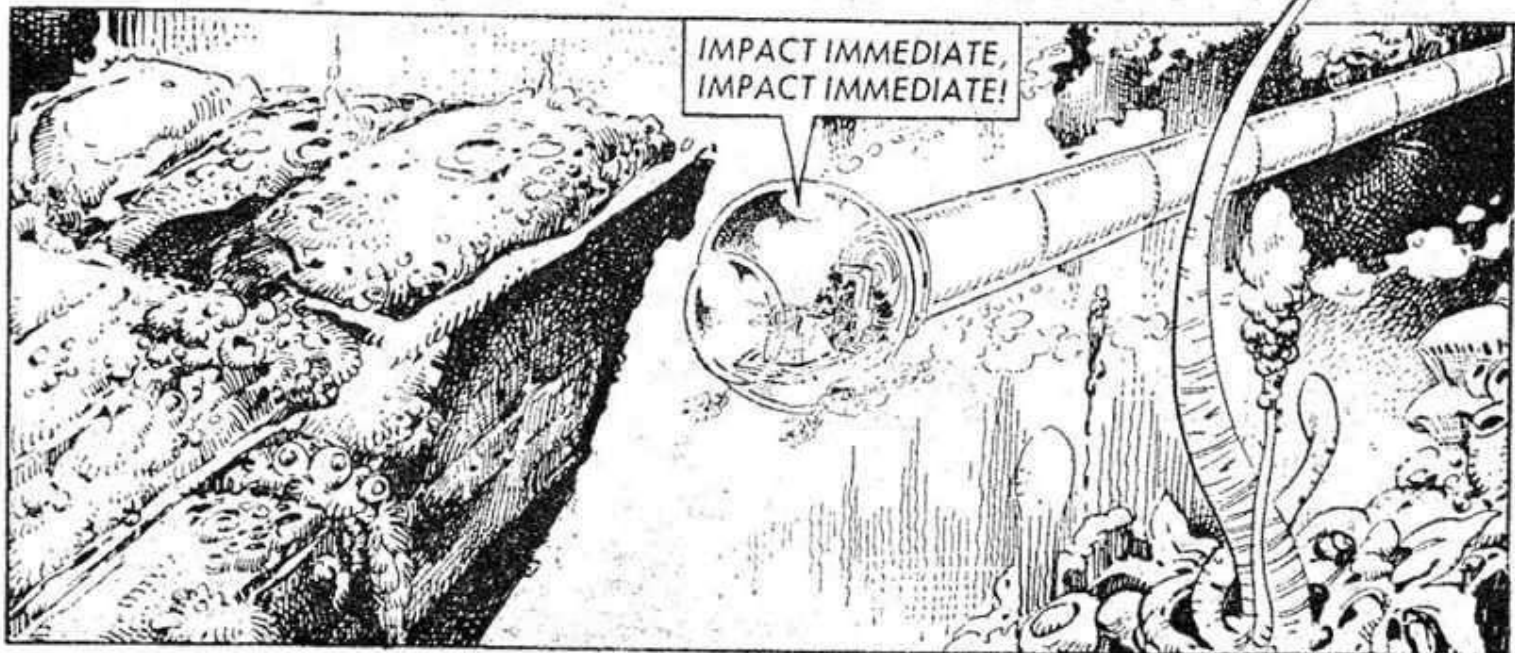


ARLOW GUIDED THE
SEGMENTED
INVESTITUBE
TOWARDS THE
STRANGE CRAFT—

SEAL IMPACT IN FOUR SECONDS,
SUBJECT TARGET SELECTED.



IMPACT IMMEDIATE,
IMPACT IMMEDIATE!



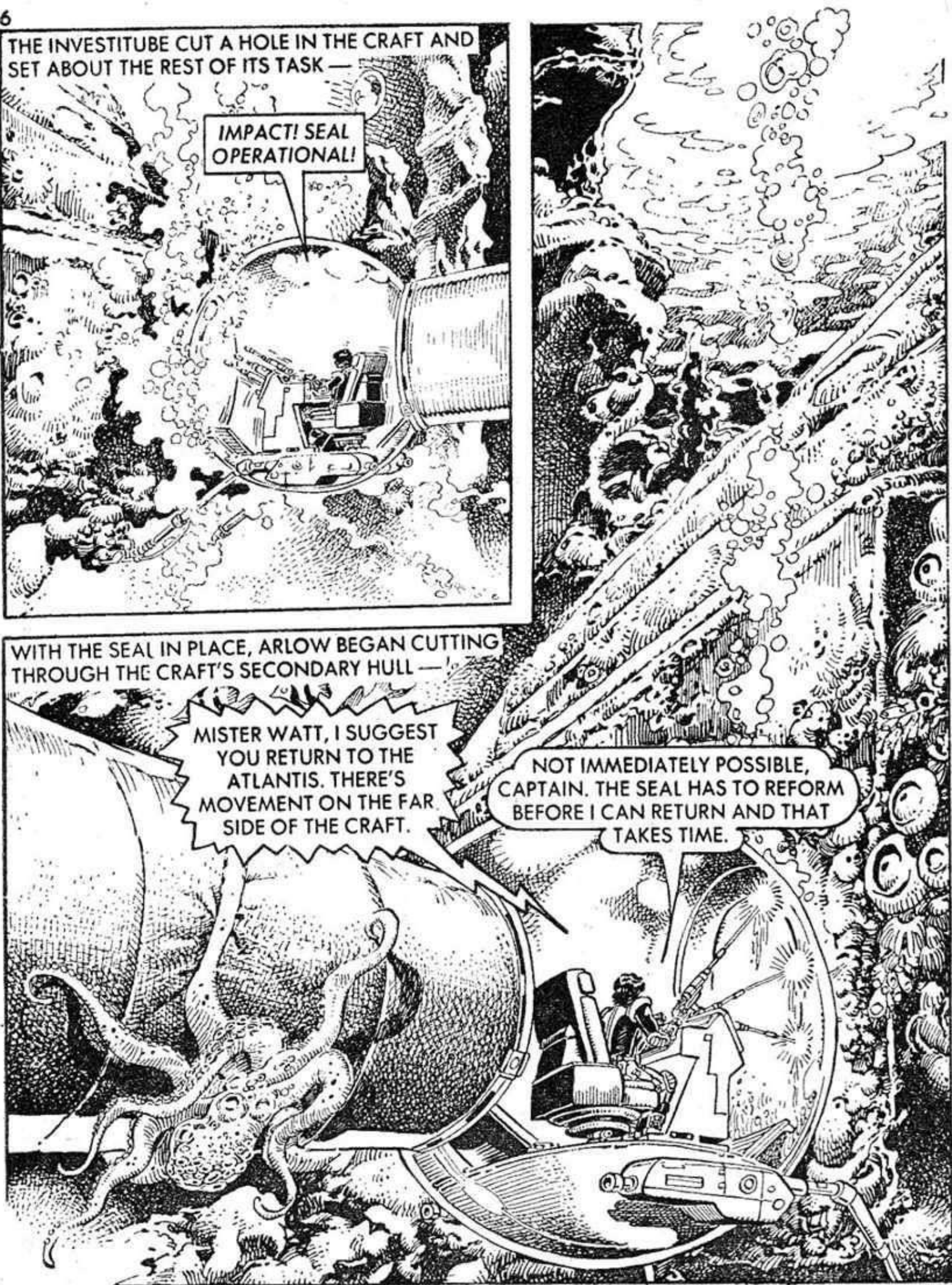
THE INVESTITUBE CUT A HOLE IN THE CRAFT AND SET ABOUT THE REST OF ITS TASK —

IMPACT! SEAL
OPERATIONAL!

WITH THE SEAL IN PLACE, ARLOW BEGAN CUTTING THROUGH THE CRAFT'S SECONDARY HULL —

MISTER WATT, I SUGGEST
YOU RETURN TO THE
ATLANTIS. THERE'S
MOVEMENT ON THE FAR
SIDE OF THE CRAFT.

NOT IMMEDIATELY POSSIBLE,
CAPTAIN. THE SEAL HAS TO REFORM
BEFORE I CAN RETURN AND THAT
TAKES TIME.



ARLOW WAS ALMOST THROUGH THE CRAFT'S SHELL WHEN THE THREAT WAS REVEALED.

A DEFENCE SYSTEM! IT'S A LASER CUTTER—IT'LL SLICE THROUGH THE INVESTITUBE.

I'LL USE A PERCUSSION TORP TO KNOCK IT OFF COURSE!

ATLANTIS FIRED THE TORP —

WEAPON DIVERTED!!

IT'S HEADING FOR THE CONNECTION TUBE!

THE OUT OF CONTROL LASER CUTTER SEVERED ARLOW'S ONE ROUTE OF ESCAPE.

I'M GOING IN, CAPTAIN.

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, MISTER WATT. WE'VE PICKED UP A NUMBER OF SMALL WEAPONS EMERGING FROM THE CRAFT. I CAN'T RISK MY CREW—I'M PULLING OUT.

AS THE ATLANTIS' ENGINES BURNED TO LIFE, MORE OF THE CRAFT'S DEFENCES ATTACKED.



AWARE OF THE HATCH'S STRENGTH, THE WORM DROIDS FORMED A TIGHT BALL AND THEIR COMBINED FORCE WAS MORE THAN ENOUGH TO BREAK THROUGH.



NOTHING COULD STOP THE WORMS REACHING THEIR VICTIMS.



AEE! NOOOO!!

AS ATLANTIS SANK OUT OF CONTROL, ARLOW DONNED A PRESERVATION SUIT —

NOW I'M HERE I'D BETTER LEARN ALL I CAN.



ARLOW WAS ENTERING THE MYSTERIOUS CRAFT WHEN A HUGE LIVING GLOBE WAS EJECTED.

FREEDOM! THAT AQUA CRAFT'S BOTANICAL SECTION WILL PROVIDE THE MATERIALS FOR THE REBIRTH OF MY RACE!

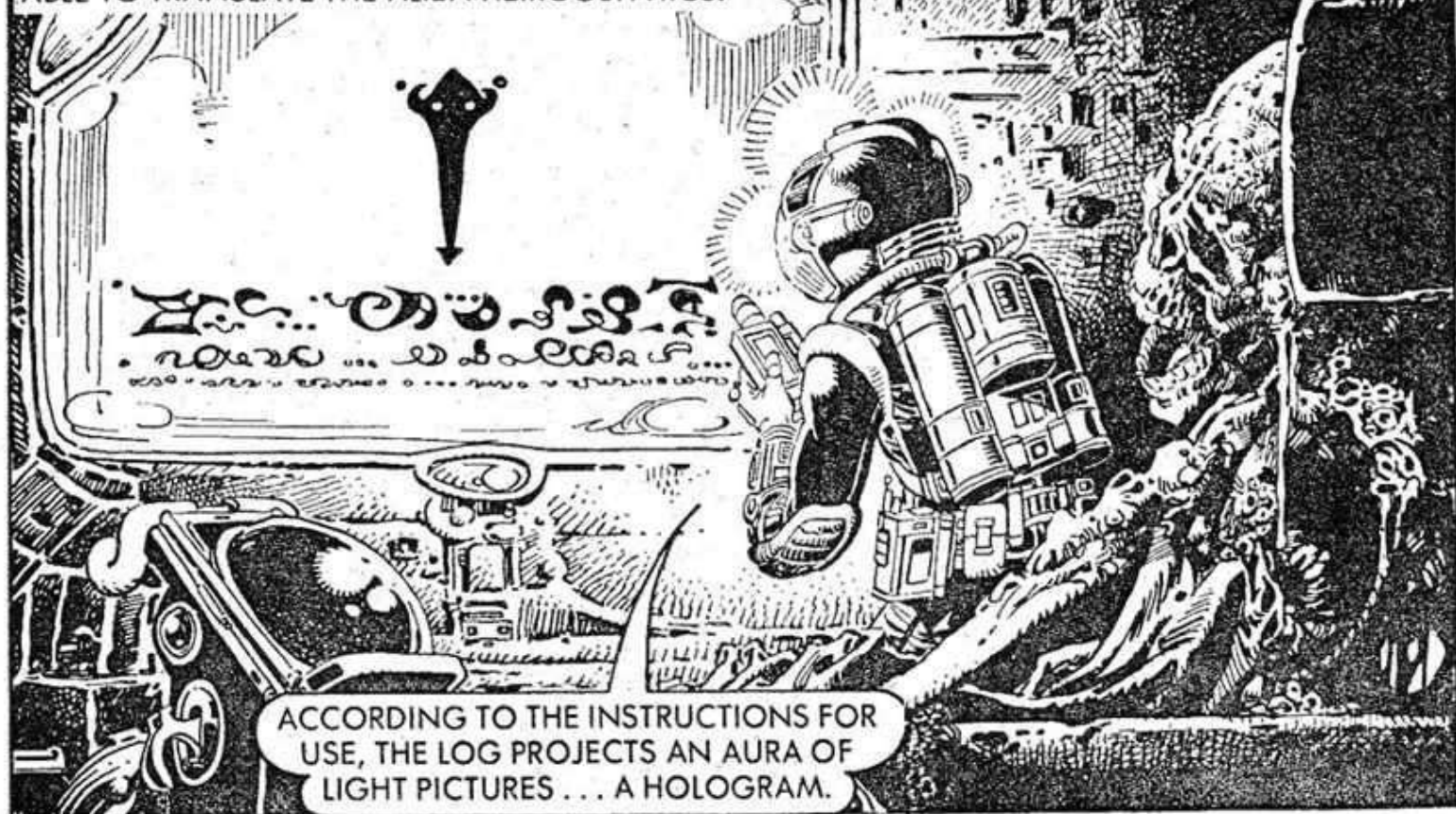


INSIDE THE CRAFT ARLOW CAME ACROSS AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT.

JUPE—A HUMANOID! JUDGING BY SCANNERS THEIR TECHNOLOGY IS OLDER THAN THE DINOSAURS OF EARTH! I'LL USE THE IMAGE ANALYSER TO FIND THE LOG.

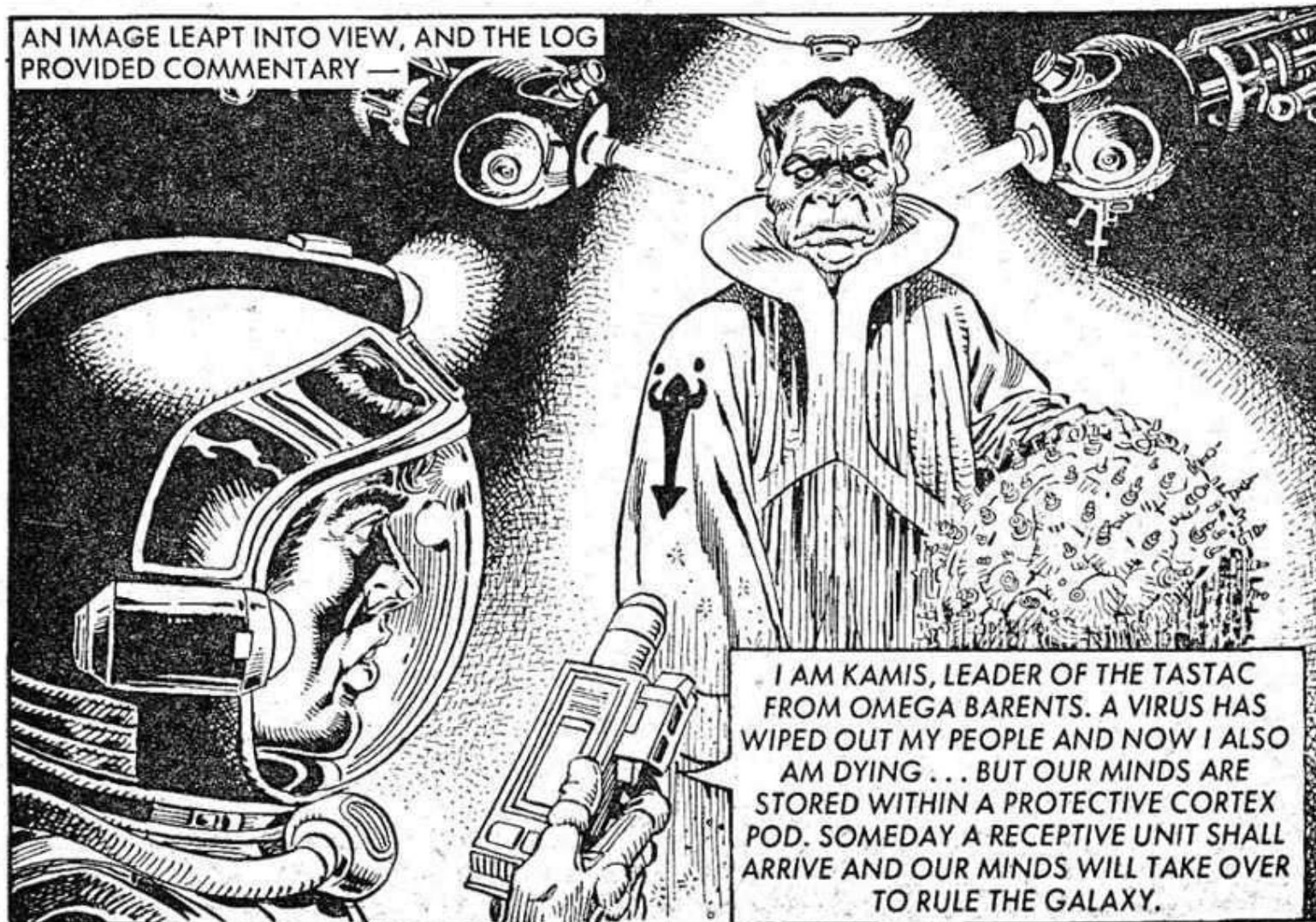


THE IMAGE ANALYSER HELD A BILLION LANGUAGE CODES, BUT WITHIN SECONDS IT WAS ABLE TO TRANSLATE THE ALIEN HIEROGLYPHS.



ACCORDING TO THE INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE, THE LOG PROJECTS AN AURA OF LIGHT PICTURES... A HOLOGRAM.

AN IMAGE LEAPT INTO VIEW, AND THE LOG PROVIDED COMMENTARY —



I AM KAMIS, LEADER OF THE TASTAC FROM OMEGA BARENTS. A VIRUS HAS WIPED OUT MY PEOPLE AND NOW I ALSO AM DYING... BUT OUR MINDS ARE STORED WITHIN A PROTECTIVE CORTEX POD. SOMEDAY A RECEPTIVE UNIT SHALL ARRIVE AND OUR MINDS WILL TAKE OVER TO RULE THE GALAXY.

AS ARLOW LISTENED IN AMAZEMENT HE REALISED THAT THE CORTEX POD WAS ALREADY ON ITS WAY TO THE ATLANTIS.



WE LIVE WITHIN THIS POD UNTIL THE DAY COMES WHEN WE SHALL RETURN IN ANOTHER FORM TO KILL OUR ENEMIES.

SO THE TASTAC DIDN'T REALLY DIE OUT — THEY'RE JUST HIBERNATING.

ARLOW LEFT THE CRAFT THROUGH AN AIRLOCK, TO BE FACED BY ONE OF OPREL'S KILLER FISH.



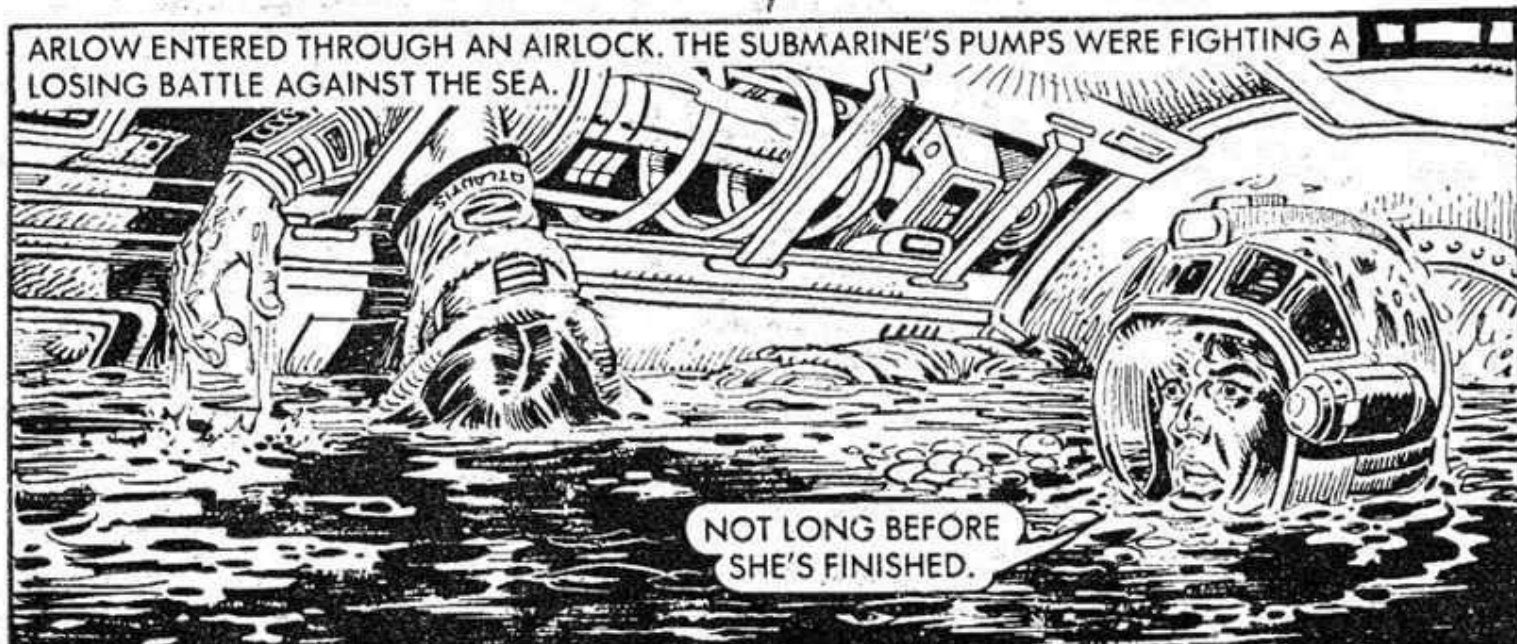
WHAT I NEED HERE IS A BURST OF SPEED.

ARLOW OPENED HIS OXYGEN VALVES, AND THIS DISCHARGE OF GAS PROPELLED HIM FORWARD AT SPEED —



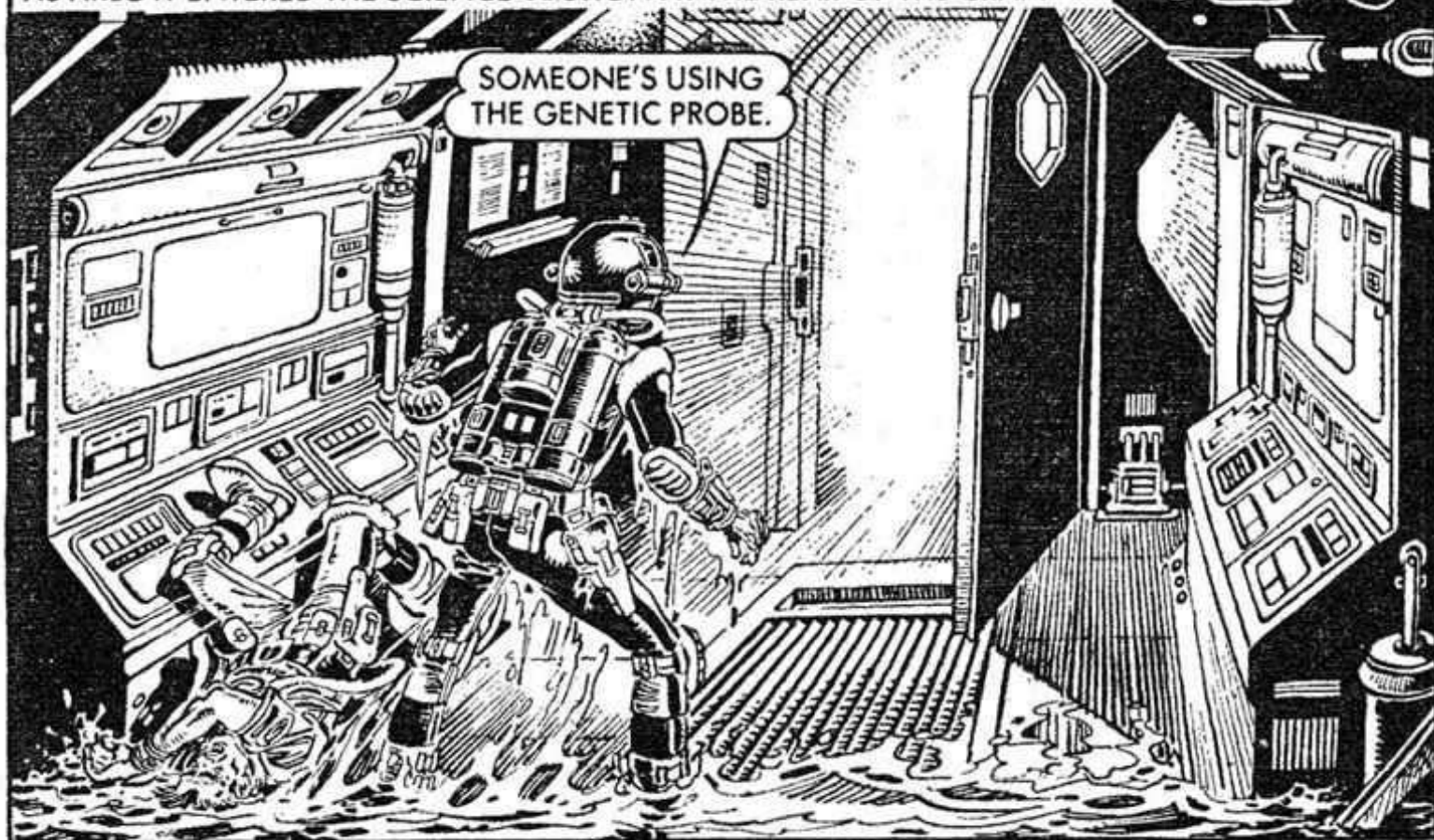
I'LL COLLECT THE SUB'S DATA ON THE ALIEN CRAFT AND THEN RETURN TO OPREL BASE IN A LIFEBOAT.

ARLOW ENTERED THROUGH AN AIRLOCK. THE SUBMARINE'S PUMPS WERE FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE AGAINST THE SEA.



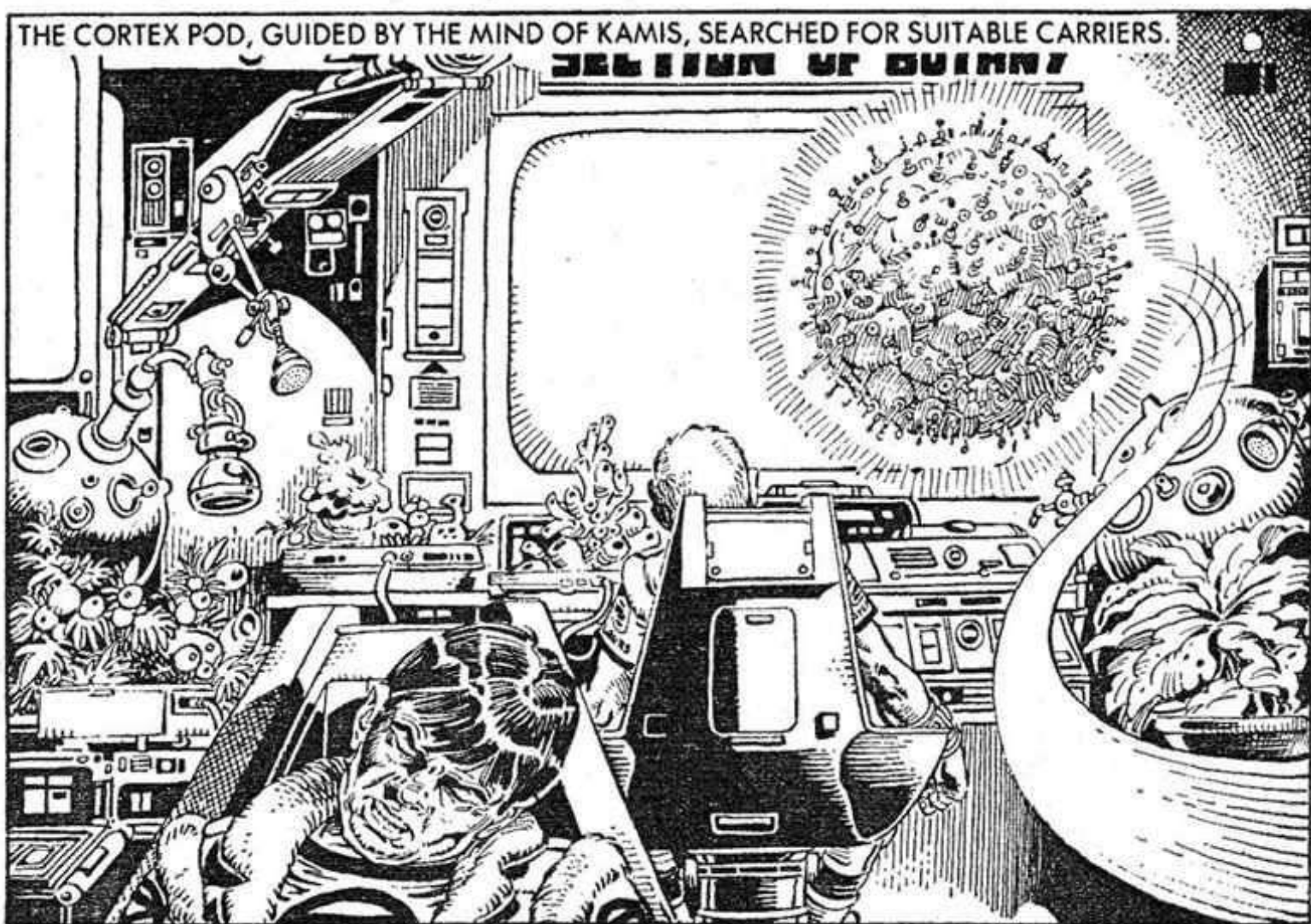
NOT LONG BEFORE SHE'S FINISHED.

AS ARLOW ENTERED THE SCIENCE SECTION AT THE REAR OF THE CRAFT —



THE CORTEX POD, GUIDED BY THE MIND OF KAMIS, SEARCHED FOR SUITABLE CARRIERS.

SECTION OF QUINN



KAMIS DEDUCED THAT THE TERRAN BODIES WERE IDEAL CARRIERS AND ENTERED THE SKIPPER'S CORPSE.



KAMIS USED HIS ENERGY TO ACTIVATE OTHER DORMANT PODS AND ONE BY ONE THEY RE-
ACTIVATED THE LIFELESS HUMAN BODIES —



ARLOW WATCHED THE TASTACS MAKE THEIR WAY TOWARDS THE LIFEBOAT.



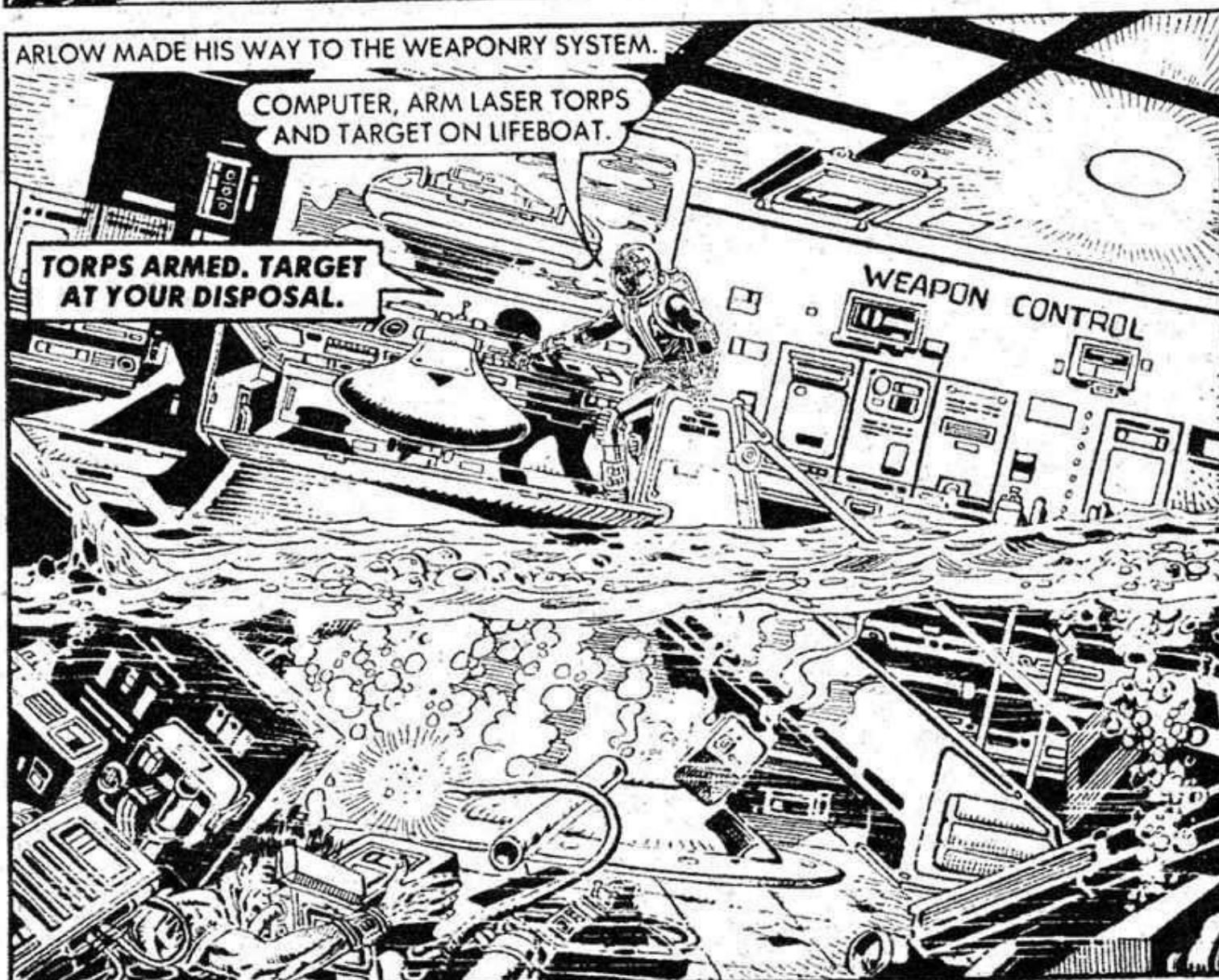
THERE'S NO WAY I CAN WARN OPREL BASE. IF THEY'RE GOING TO BE STOPPED. I'VE GOT TO STOP THEM HERE.



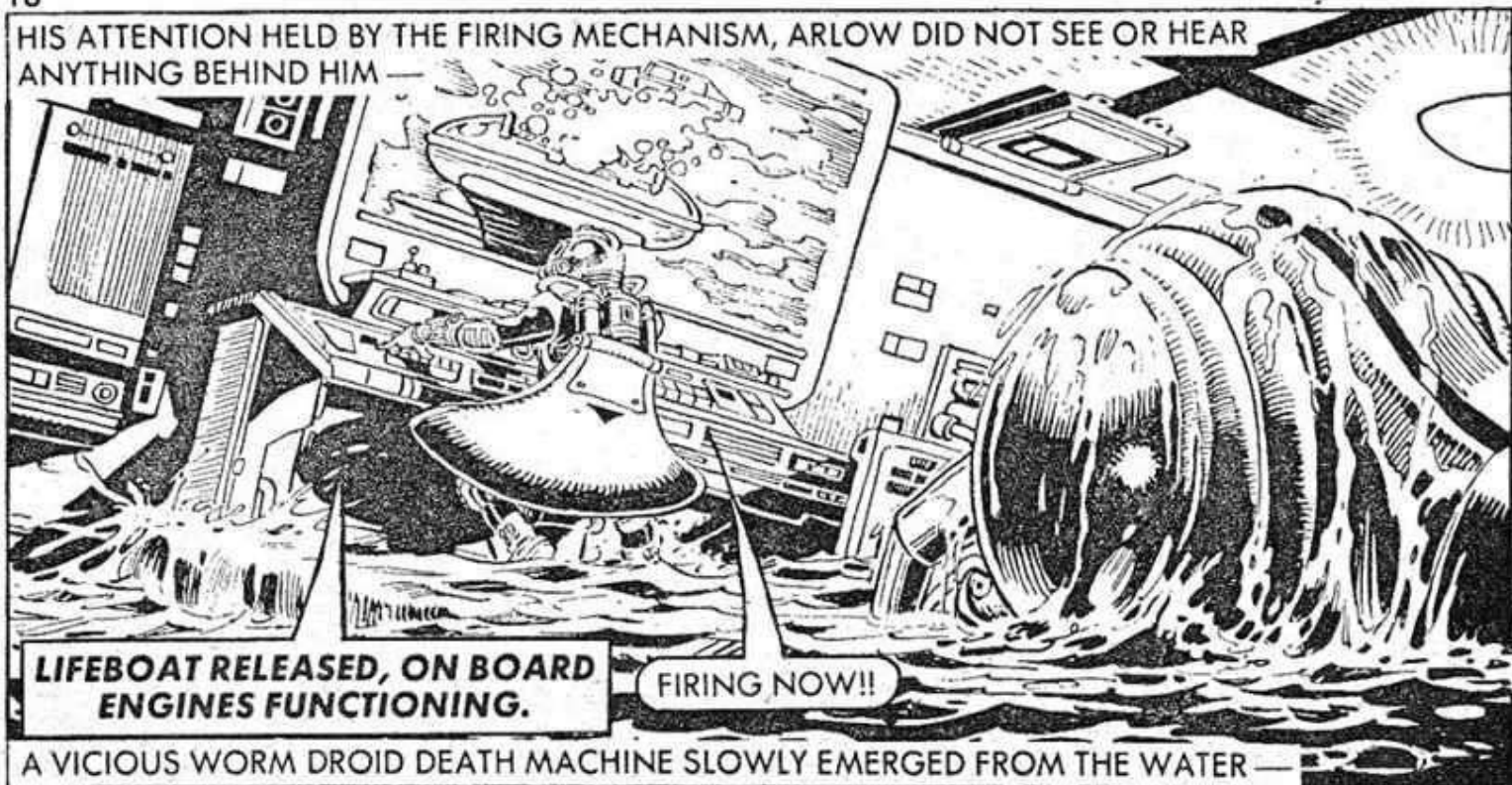
ARLOW MADE HIS WAY TO THE WEAPONRY SYSTEM.

COMPUTER, ARM LASER TORPS
AND TARGET ON LIFEBOAT.

TORPS ARMED. TARGET
AT YOUR DISPOSAL.

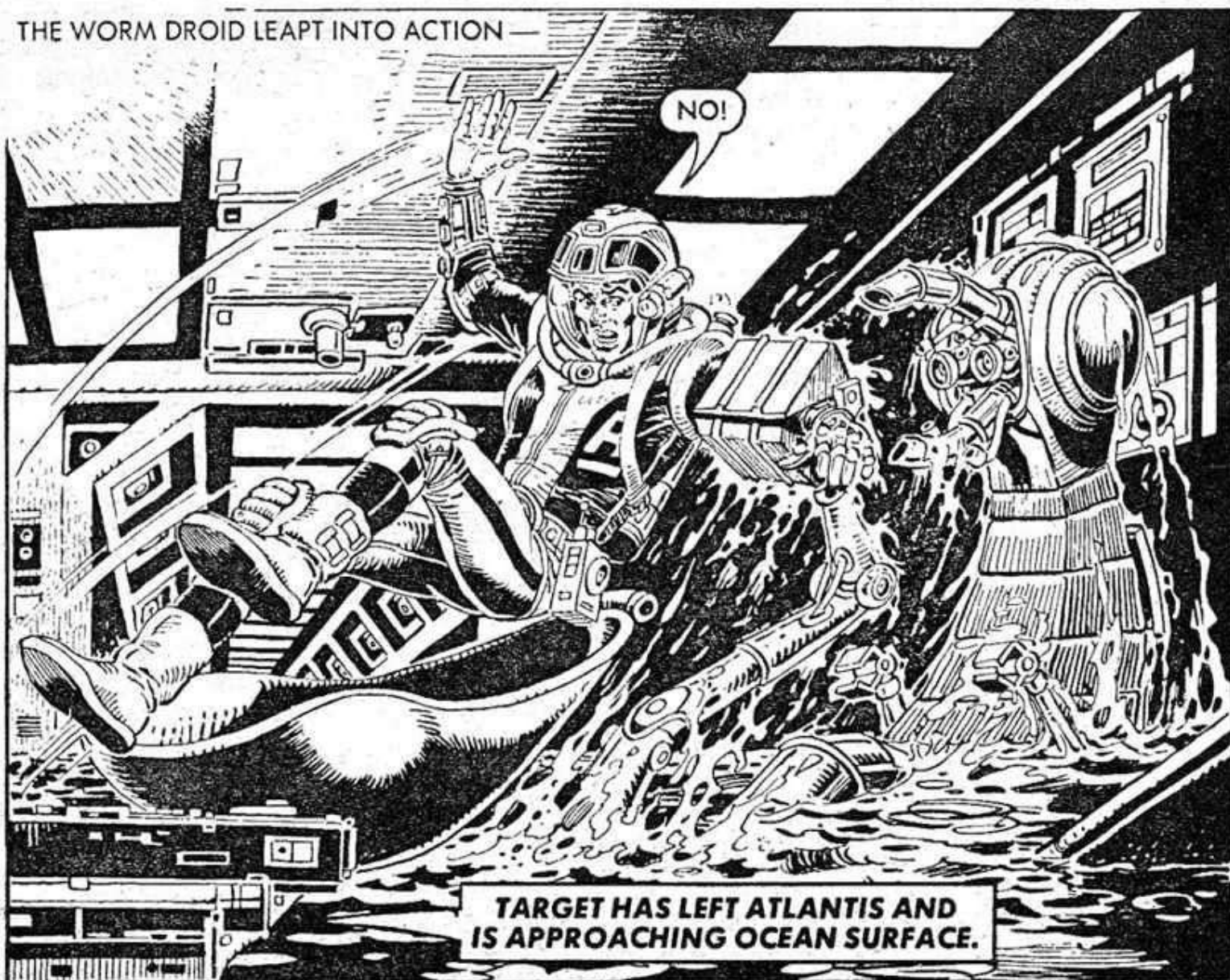


HIS ATTENTION HELD BY THE FIRING MECHANISM, ARLOW DID NOT SEE OR HEAR ANYTHING BEHIND HIM —



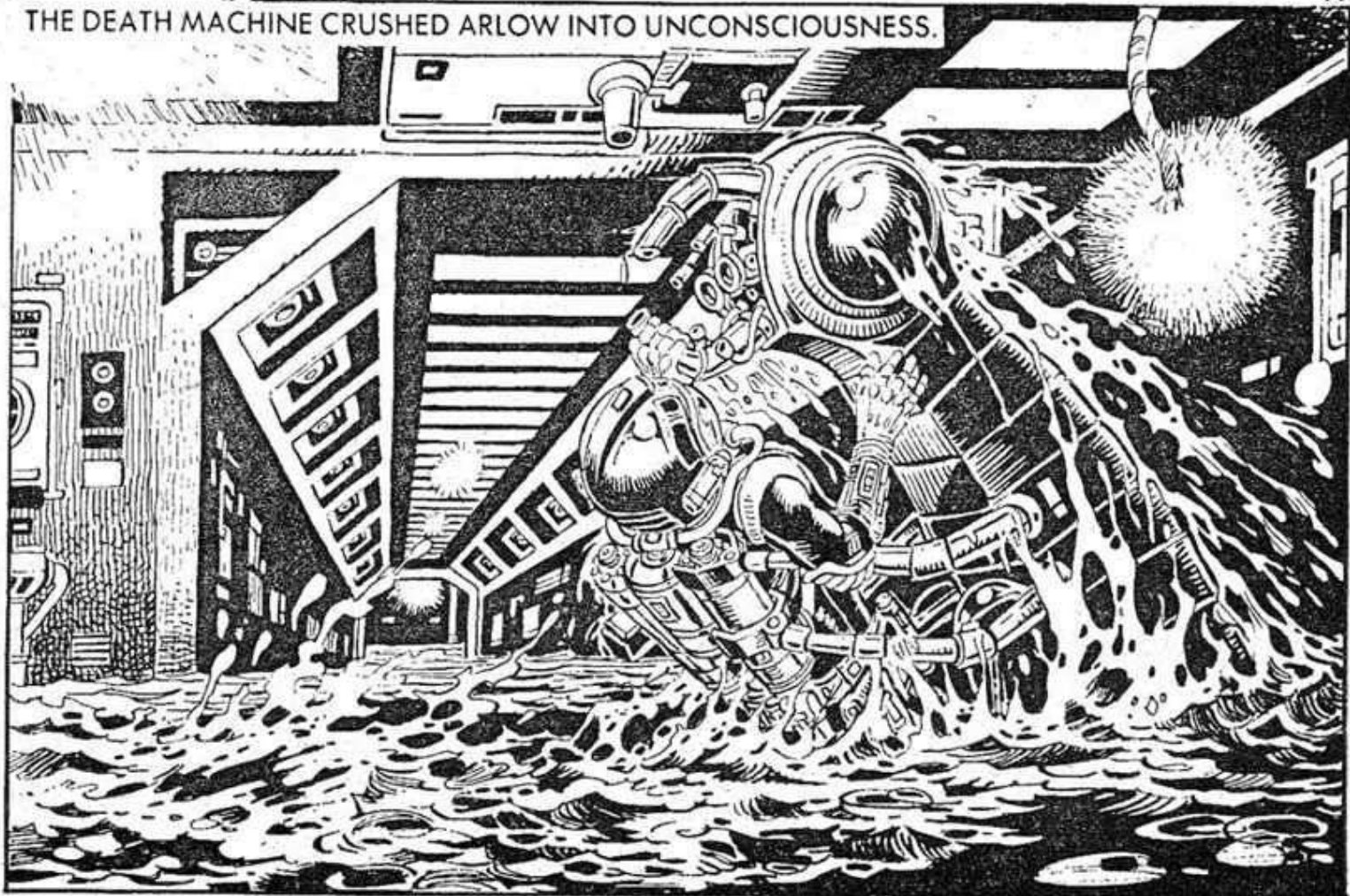
A VICIOUS WORM DROID DEATH MACHINE SLOWLY EMERGED FROM THE WATER —

THE WORM DROID LEAPT INTO ACTION —

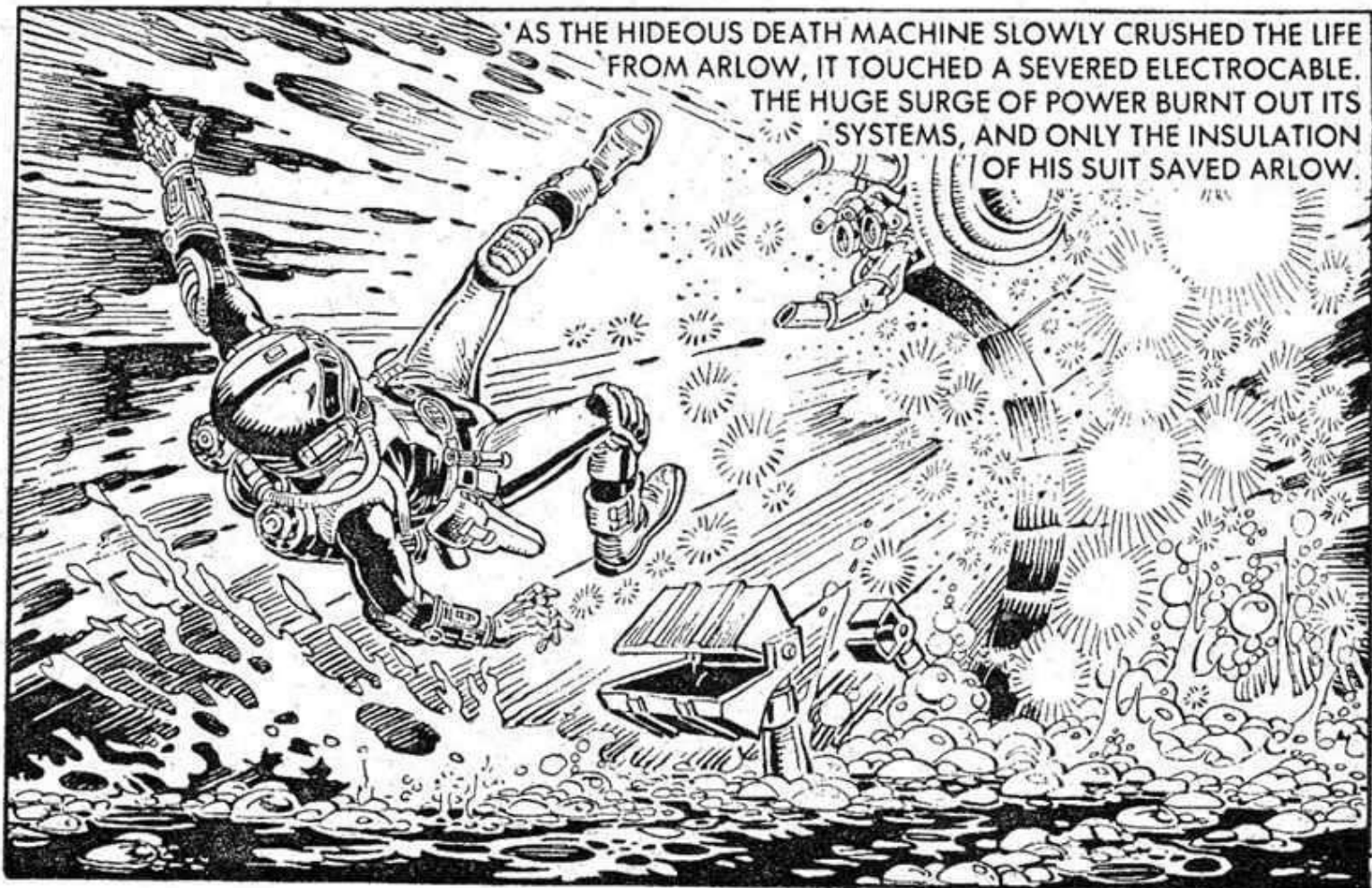


TARGET HAS LEFT ATLANTIS AND IS APPROACHING OCEAN SURFACE.

THE DEATH MACHINE CRUSHED ARLOW INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS.



AS THE HIDEOUS DEATH MACHINE SLOWLY CRUSHED THE LIFE FROM ARLOW, IT TOUCHED A SEVERED ELECTROCABLE. THE HUGE SURGE OF POWER BURNT OUT ITS SYSTEMS, AND ONLY THE INSULATION OF HIS SUIT SAVED ARLOW.

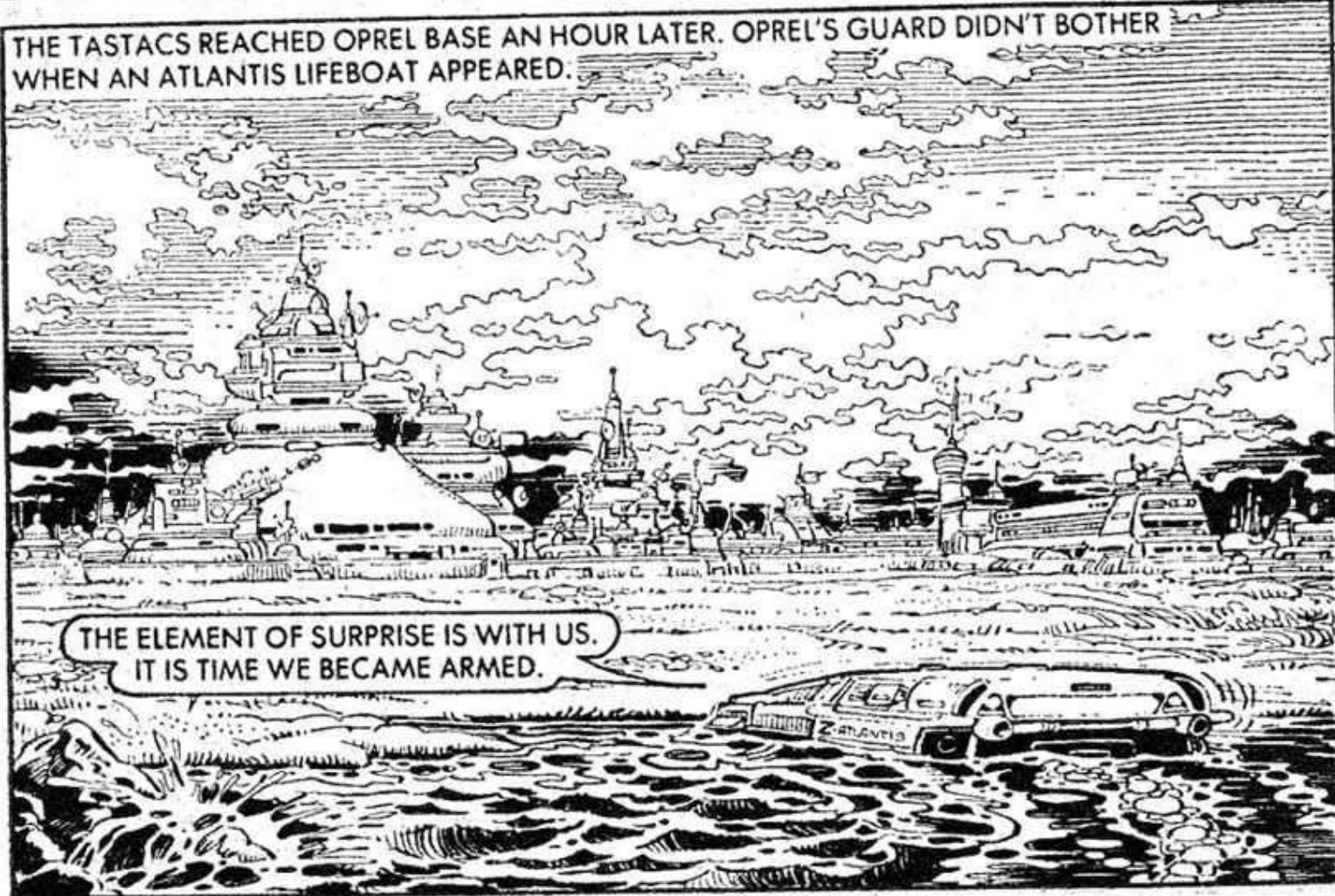


AN AUTOMATIC AIR JACKET INFLATED, KEEPING ARLOW ABOVE WATER.

TARGET HAS LEFT TORP RANGE.
TORPEDOES RECALLED.



THE TASTACS REACHED OPREL BASE AN HOUR LATER. OPREL'S GUARD DIDN'T BOTHER
WHEN AN ATLANTIS LIFEBOAT APPEARED.



THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE IS WITH US.
IT IS TIME WE BECAME ARMED.

INSIDE THE LIFEBOAT —

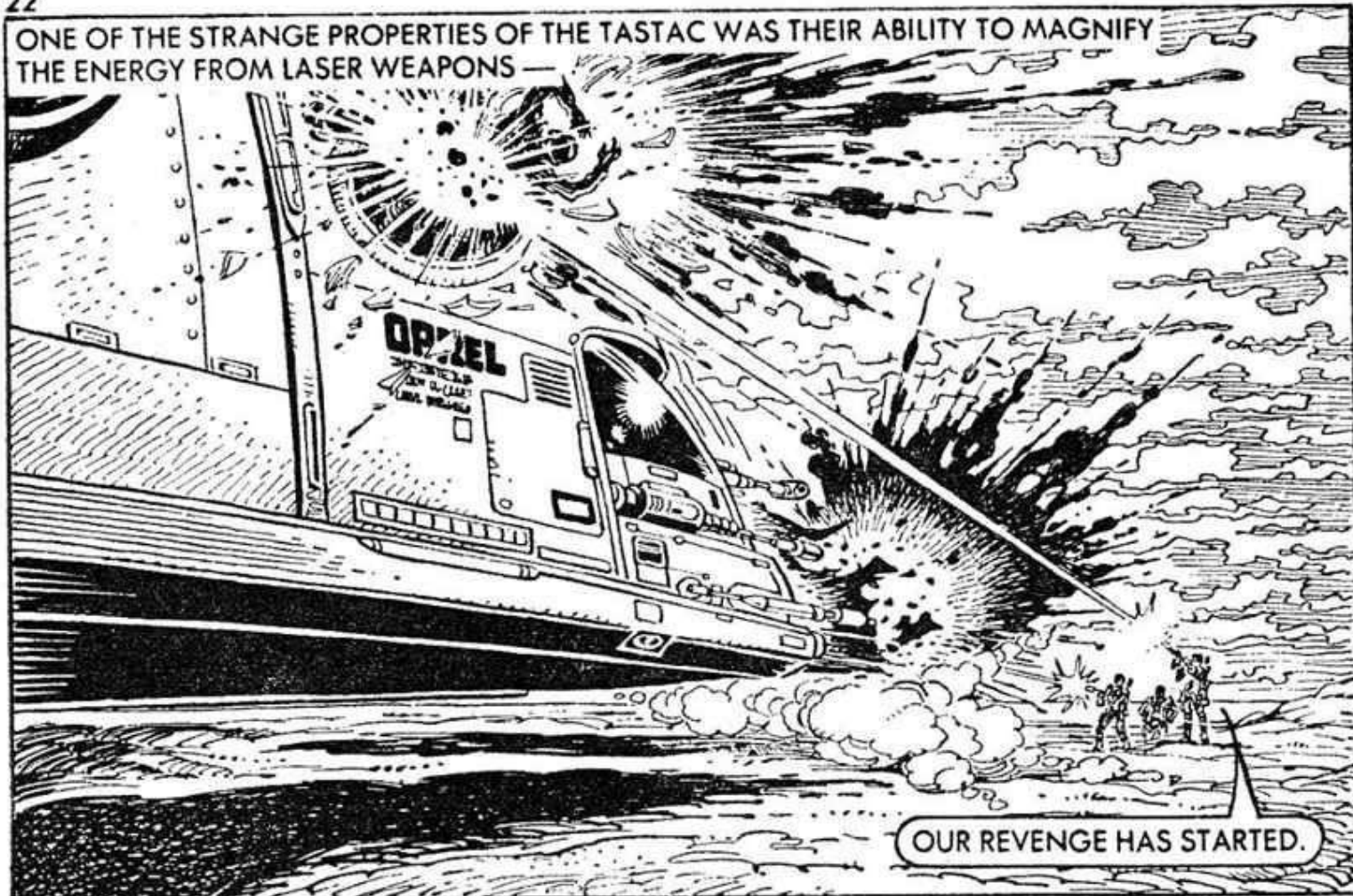
WE WILL TEAR THEIR
DEFENCES APART.



WHEN GUARDSHIPS EVENTUALLY ARRIVED —



ONE OF THE STRANGE PROPERTIES OF THE TASTAC WAS THEIR ABILITY TO MAGNIFY THE ENERGY FROM LASER WEAPONS —



THE ENEMY ARE NOW PREPARED FOR OUR ATTACK. WE NEED MORE BODIES.



MORE MINDS FROM THE CORTEX POD TOOK OVER DEAD HUMANS.

THE TASTAC'S ABILITY TO INCREASE THE POWER OF TERRAN WEAPONS ANNIHILATED THE OPPOSITION —

WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THOSE ZOMBIES.



I PUT A CANNON BLAST RIGHT THROUGH IT, AND IT'S STILL COMING!



THE TROOPS STOOD NO CHANCE AGAINST THE TASTAC ONSLAUGHT.

WE SHALL SOON KILL
ALL YOUR KIND.



CONQUEST OF OPREL BASE WAS SOON COMPLETE, BUT THE BATTLE WAS FAR FROM OVER.

YOUR SPACEFLEETS WILL ATTACK SOON,
GOVERNOR. YOU WILL PROVIDE ME WITH THE
KNOWLEDGE OF YOUR RACE'S BATTLE
TECHNOLOGY.



I WILL TELL YOU NOTHING. YOU NEED CODES
TO USE OUR COMPUTER, AND THOSE I WILL
KEEP TO MY DEATH.

SO BE IT! YOUR DEATH MERELY
RELEASES YOUR MIND INTO OUR
POSSESSION.



NOW THAT I HAVE HIS INFORMATION I
SHALL STUDY THE COMPUTER'S CONTENTS.
YOU WILL RETURN TO OUR MAINSHIP AND
REPAIR IT. THE WEAPONRY ABOARD WILL
SOON BECOME NECESSARY.

IMMEDIATELY, KAMIS.



KAMIS' SEARCH WAS NOT IN VAIN. THE COMPUTER SOON REVEALED EARTH'S MOST POWERFUL WEAPON . . .

**NAME: WARWHEEL. ARMAMENT:
AMATON MISSILES — TEN IN EXISTENCE.
DESTRUCTIVE CAPABILITIES: UNLIMITED.
DISTANCE: UNLIMITED. ONE ASSIGNED TO
PLANET OPREL . . .**

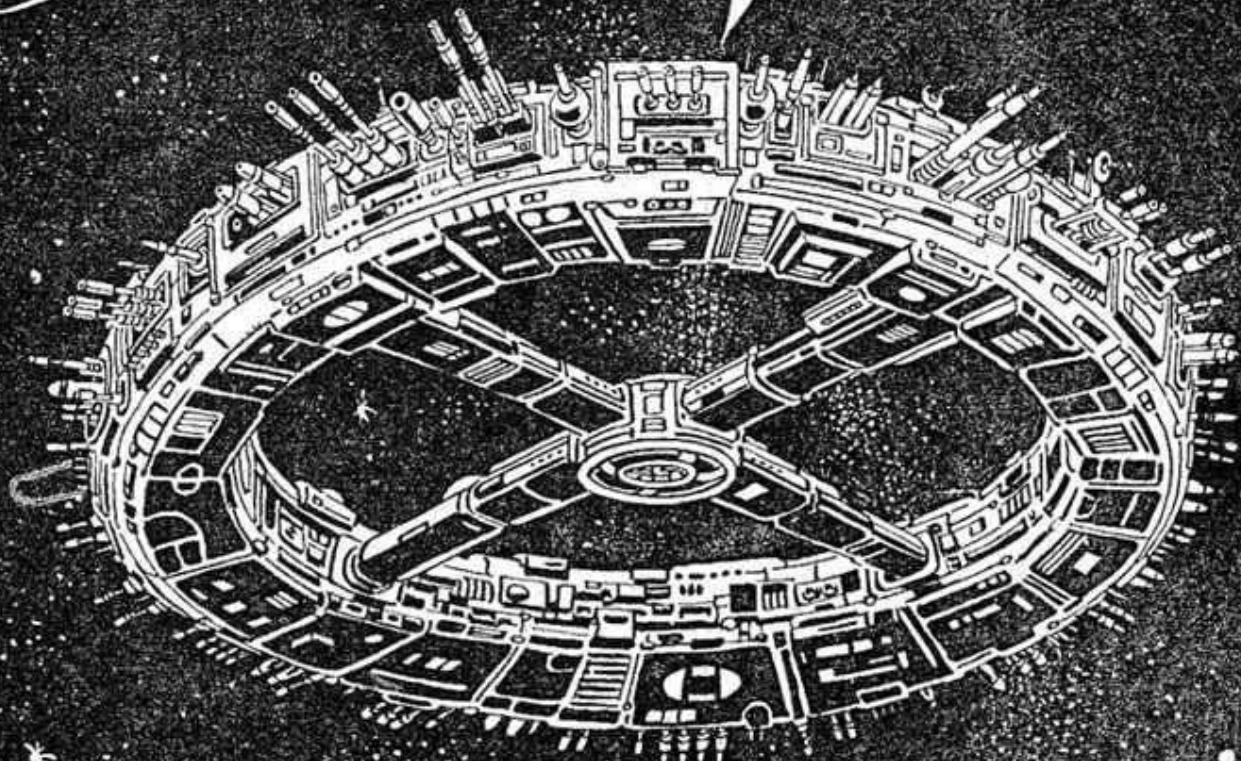


HAH!! I HAVE ONE OF THEIR MOST POWERFUL STATIONS AT MY DISPOSAL! THEY DID NOT EXPECT THAT AN ATTACK ON OPREL WOULD COME FROM WITHIN. COMPUTER, GIVE ME THE COMMAND PATTERNS FOR THE WARWHEEL.

BUILT TO HOLD OFF GALACTIC ATTACK, THE WARWHEEL REACTED TO ORDERS WITHIN SECONDS.

WARWHEEL, CHANGE YOUR TRAJECTORY TO 5.77 HOCYCLES AND PRIME MISSILES ONE TO THREE. STATE TARGET.

**TRAJECTORY IN LINE. MISSILES
PRIMED AND READY. TARGET —
INHABITED PLANET EARTH.
— AWAITING ORDERS. —**



INSTEAD OF BUILDING DEFENCES ON PLANETS, THE FEDERATION USED THE LETHAL WARWHEELS TO MONITOR WHOLE SYSTEMS —

THE ION-POWERED MISSILES STREAKED AWAY.

FIRE!

MISSILES ONE TO THREE
RELEASED AT MAXIMUM THRUST.

EARTH'S NEAREST BATTLE FLEET HAD BEEN SENT TO DEFEND OPREL BASE

EARTHSIDE TO NOVA ONE, YOUR MISSION IS VOID.
OPREL HAS BEEN TAKEN BY UNKNOWN ENEMY.
ENEMY HAS LAUNCHED THREE WARWHEEL
MISSILES, TARGET EARTH. YOU MUST
RENDEZVOUS WITH MISSILES AND ELIMINATE.

COMMANDING THE FLEET WAS GENERAL SCOTT, A SPECIALLY
DESIGNED AND PROGRAMMED CLONE, BRED SPECIFICALLY FOR
MILITARY PURPOSES, KNOWN AS A GENETIC GENERAL —

OUR CHANCES OF FINDING THEM IN TIME
ARE NOT GOOD. IF WE FAIL THE EARTH
WILL BE DESTROYED. NOVA ONE TO TWO
AND THREE, SEPARATE TO QUARTER OF
A LIGHT YEAR'S DISTANCE. OUR
CHANCES WILL BE INCREASED IF WE
SCAN TOGETHER.

SEARCHING FOR THE TELL-TAKE ION TRACES, IT WAS NOVA TWO THAT PICKED UP A FAINT TRACE.

NOVA TWO HERE — CONTACT
ESTABLISHED IN HOCYCLE 5.77.
ALL LASERS FIRE!!

THE THREE MISSILES TURNED TOWARDS NOVA TWO —

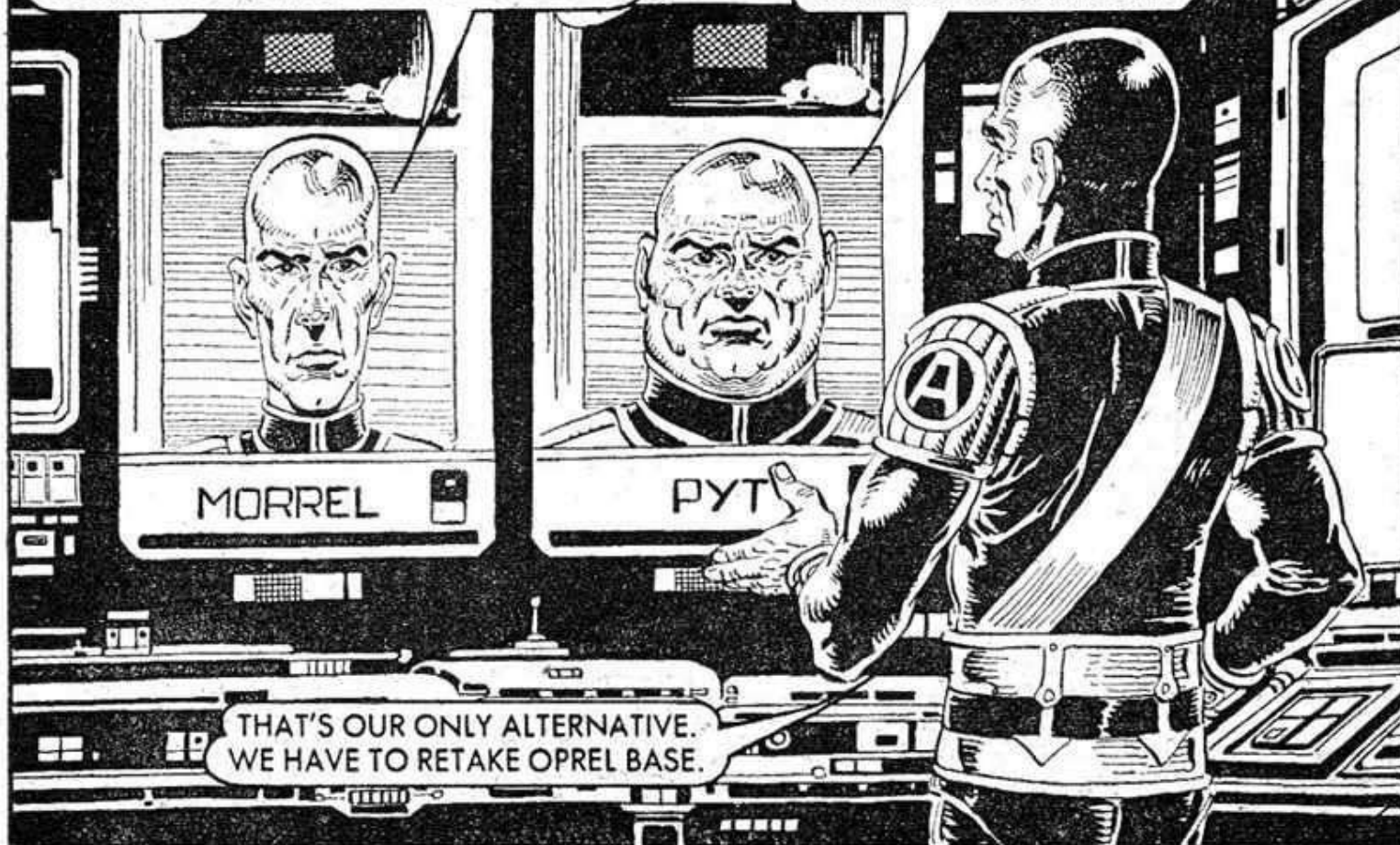
THEY'RE ON COLLISION
COURSE WITH US!



GENETIC GENERAL SCOTT CONTACTED TWO OF THE NOVA PILOTS — ALSO GENETIC GENERALS.

WE HAVE TWO HOURS BEFORE THE MISSILES HIT EARTH. THE EXPLOSION WILL BE LIKE THE ERUPTION OF A SMALL SUN.

IF WE COULD GET INTO THE BASE WE COULD USE THE WARWHEEL'S SELF DESTRUCT SEQUENCE...



BACK ON OPREL, THE TASTACS HAD RETURNED TO REPAIR THEIR MAINSHIP WITH CAPTURED MACHINERY, BUT NOT FAR AWAY ON THE DOOMED ATLANTIS.



USING THE SUBMARINE'S DEPTH GAUGE, ARLOW RELEASED A SIGNAL INTO THE WATER ...

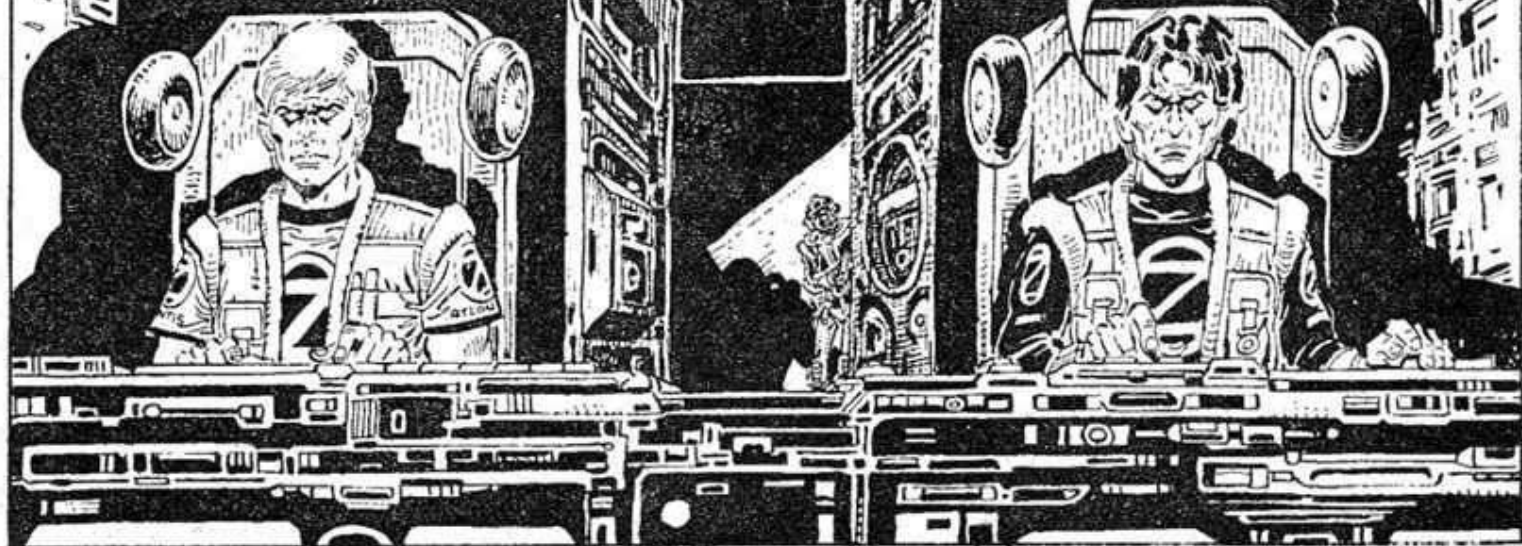




ARLOW FOUND A SUITABLE HIDING PLACE —

WE WILL REQUIRE FULL POWER TO PULL US FREE OF THE
SEA FLOOR. OUR ENGINES ARE BURIED DEEP.

I AM OPENING ENGINES NOW ...
ATMOSPHERE PRESSURISED ... FULL POWER.



KAMIS TO MAINSHIP! RETURN TO
OPREL BASE IMMEDIATELY. AN EARTH
BATTLE FLEET IS PREPARING TO
ATTACK.

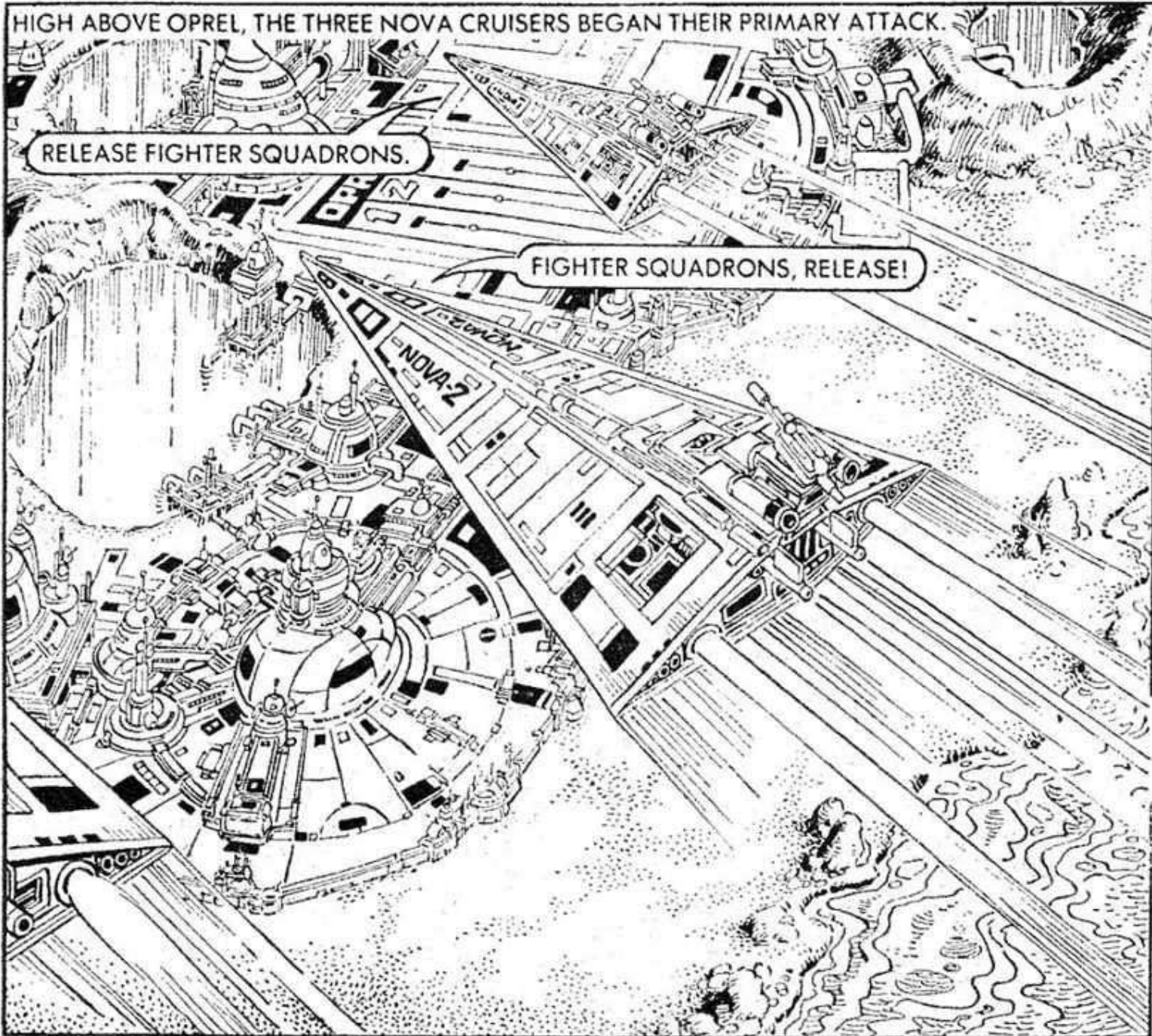
RETURNING AT MAXIMUM SPEED.



HIGH ABOVE OPREL, THE THREE NOVA CRUISERS BEGAN THEIR PRIMARY ATTACK.

RELEASE FIGHTER SQUADRONS.

FIGHTER SQUADRONS, RELEASE!



NOVA FIGHTERS CARRIED MANY ROBOFIGHTERS, MANNED BY BIOMPILOTS WHICH WERE PILOTS' SKILLS IMPRINTED ON A COMPUTER —



YOUR TARGETS ARE TO BE FOUND IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF OPREL BASE. UNDER NO CIRCUMSTANCES ARE YOU TO FIRE ON THE CENTRAL CONTROL.

A FLOCK OF TASTAC CONTROLLED KAMIDROIDS HOMED IN ON THE FIGHTERS.

BREAK FORMATION AND FIRE AT WILL. AUTO-FIRE COMMENCE.

THE DROIDS WERE NO MATCH FOR THE FIRE POWER OF THE NOVA FIGHTERS.

IF THIS IS THE BEST THEY HAVE TO OFFER WE'LL HAVE NO PROBLEMS.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF OPREL BASE . . .

THE KAMIDROIDS SERVED MY
PURPOSE OF DELAYING AND
DISTRACTING THE ENEMY FIGHTERS.
IT IS TIME TO LAUNCH OUR OWN
FIGHTERS.

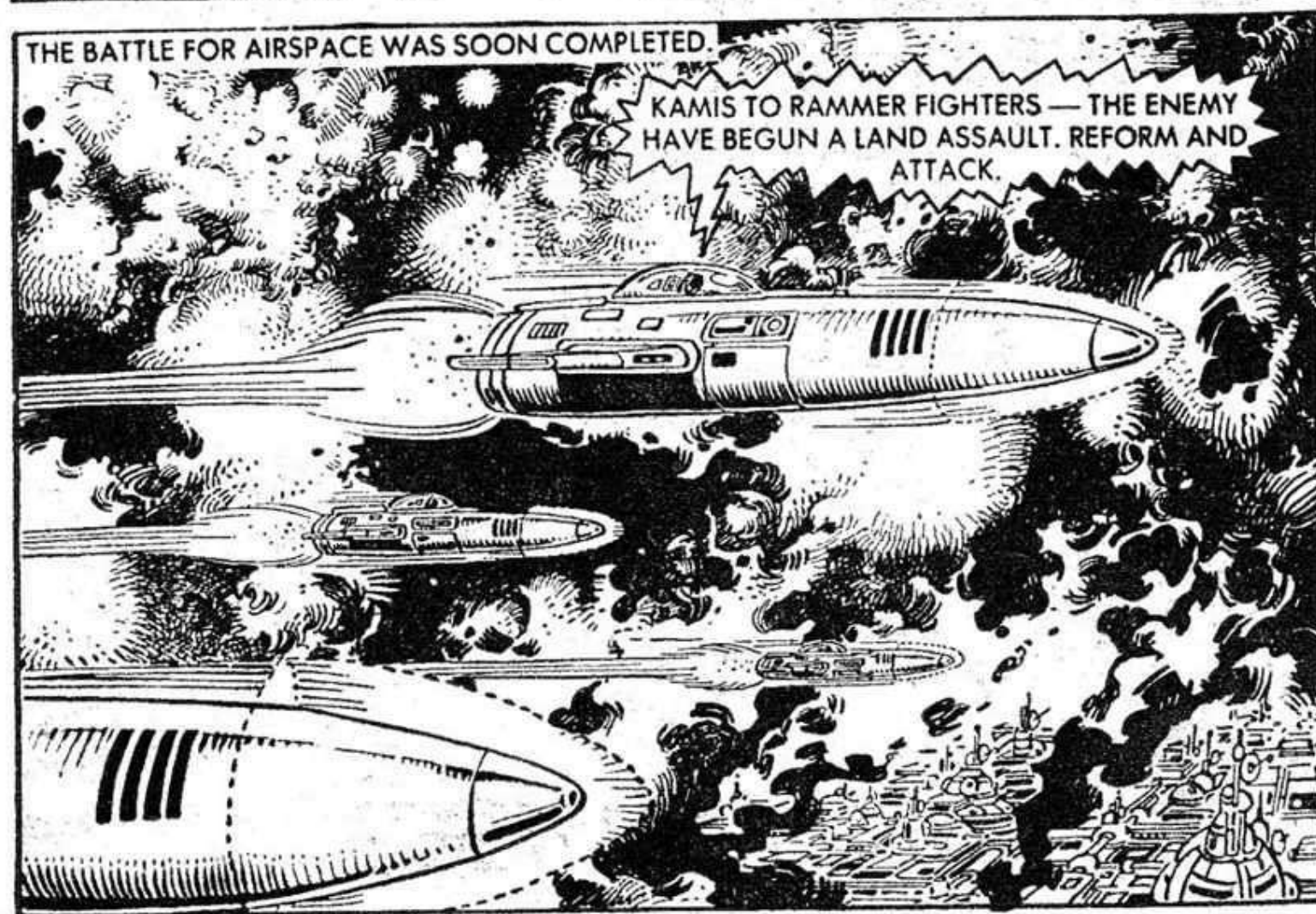
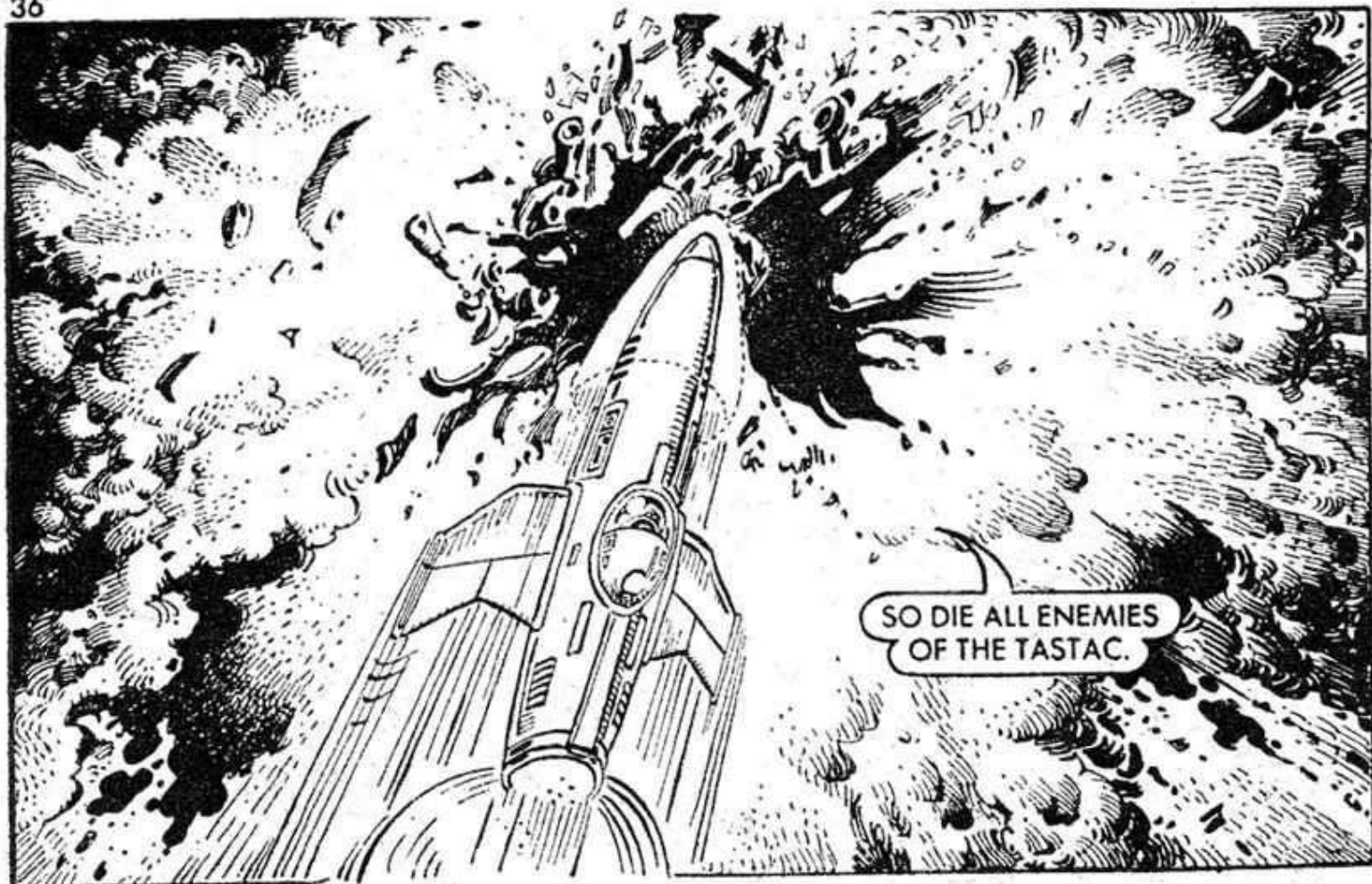
AS YOU WISH.

A SQUADRON OF TASTAC RAMMER CRAFT
BURST FROM THE RETURNED MAINSHIP . . .

LET NONE ESCAPE
YOUR POWER.

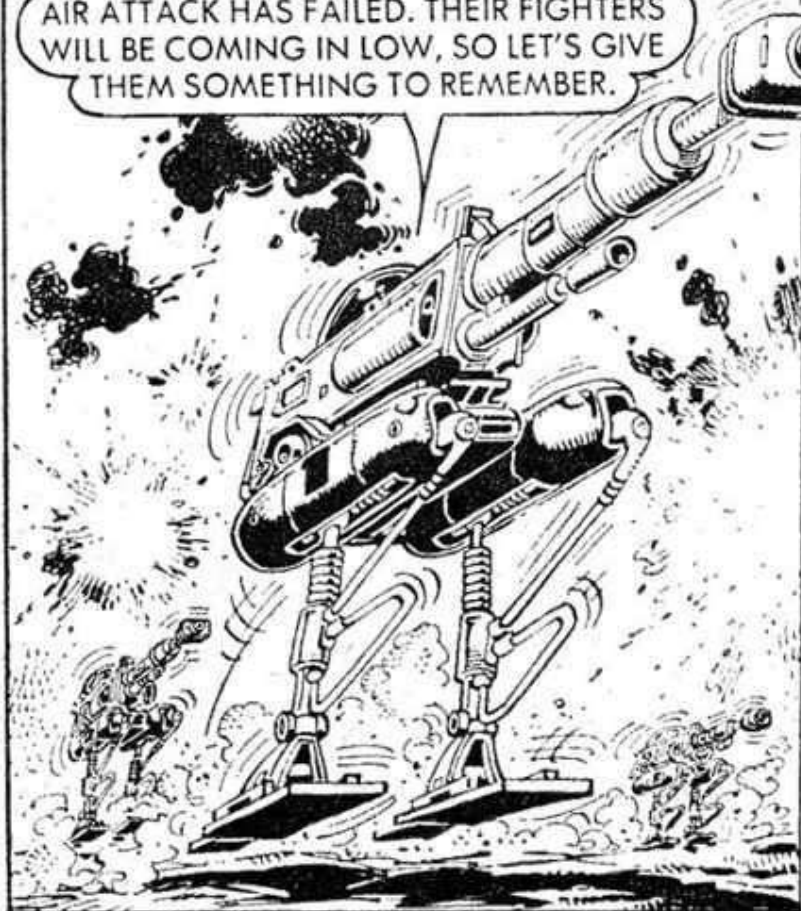
THE TASTAC RAMMER CRAFT WERE TOO POWERFUL FOR THE ROBOFIGHTERS —

YOUR LASERS ARE USELESS
AGAINST TASTAC ARMOUR.



THE LAND ATTACK CAME IN THE FORM OF ROO-TANKS, WHICH LEAPT ERRATICALLY TOWARDS THEIR TARGETS.

AIR ATTACK HAS FAILED. THEIR FIGHTERS WILL BE COMING IN LOW, SO LET'S GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.



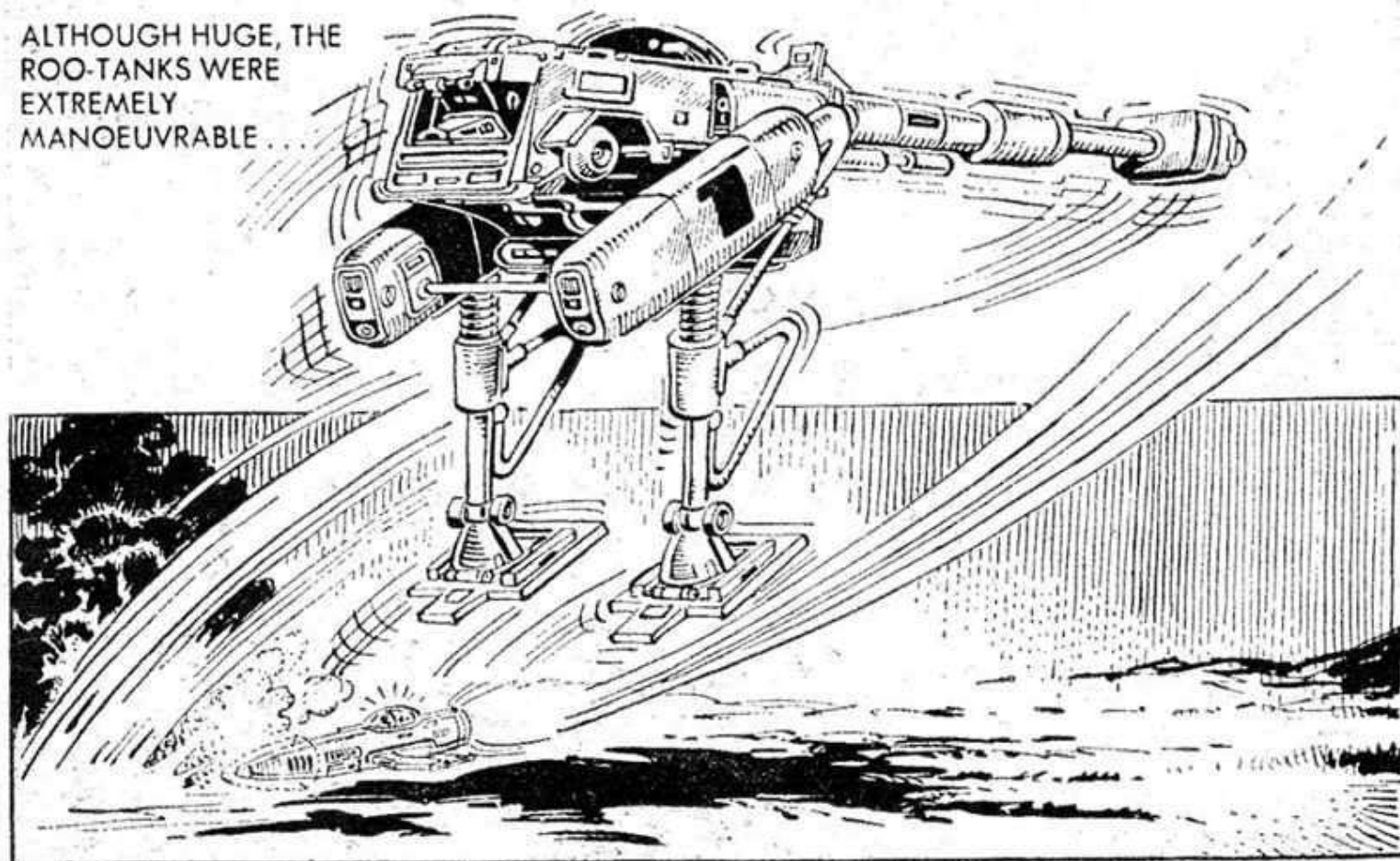
SHORTLY —

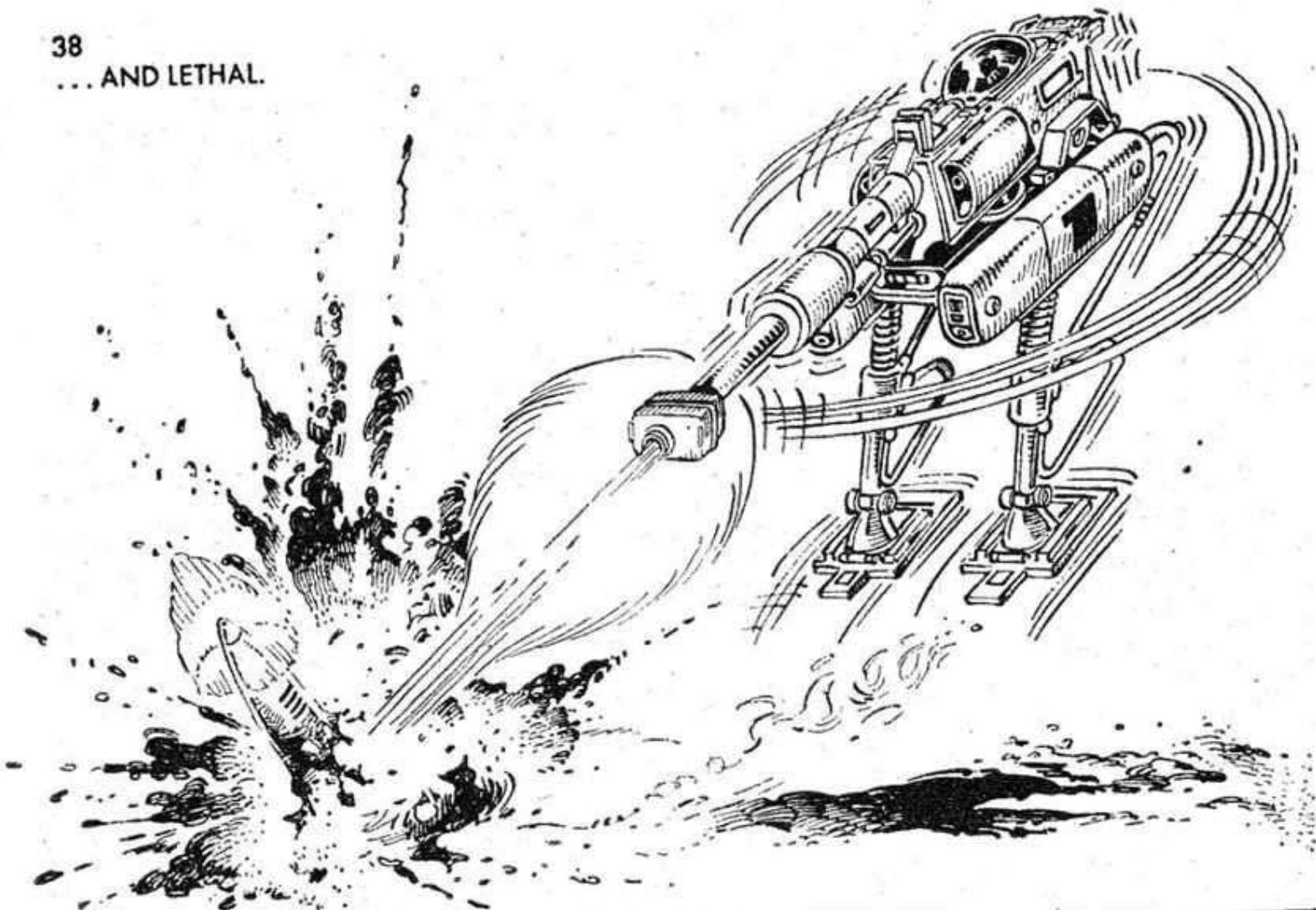
SELECT YOUR TARGETS!

HERE THEY COME, BOYS!



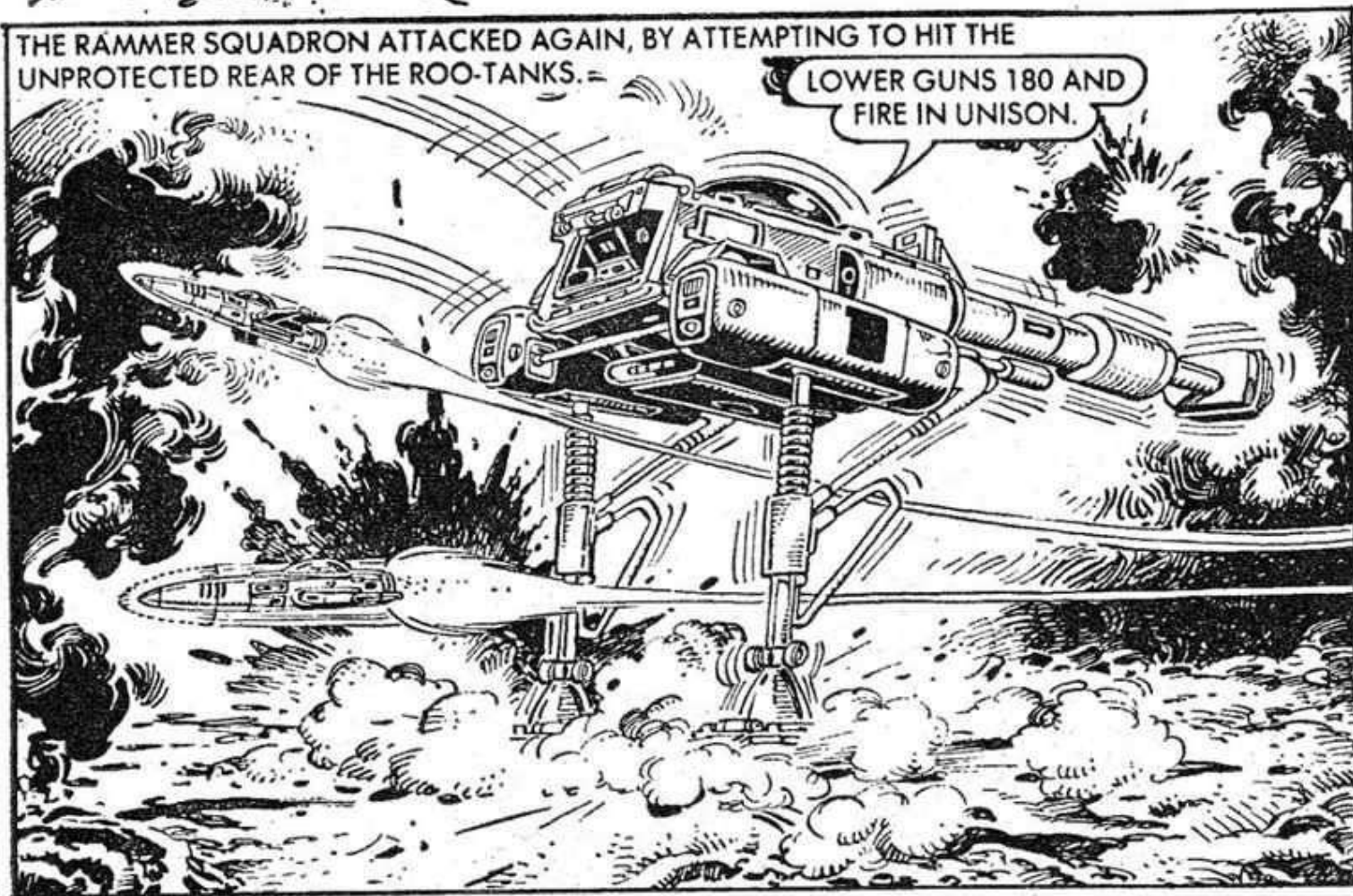
ALTHOUGH HUGE, THE ROO-TANKS WERE EXTREMELY MANOEUVRABLE...





THE RAMMER SQUADRON ATTACKED AGAIN, BY ATTEMPTING TO HIT THE UNPROTECTED REAR OF THE ROO-TANKS.

LOWER GUNS 180 AND
FIRE IN UNISON.



BUT THE ROO-TANKS OUT-THOUGHT THE TASTACS AND THE UNITED FIRE-POWER RIPPED THROUGH THE RAMMERS' ARMOUR.

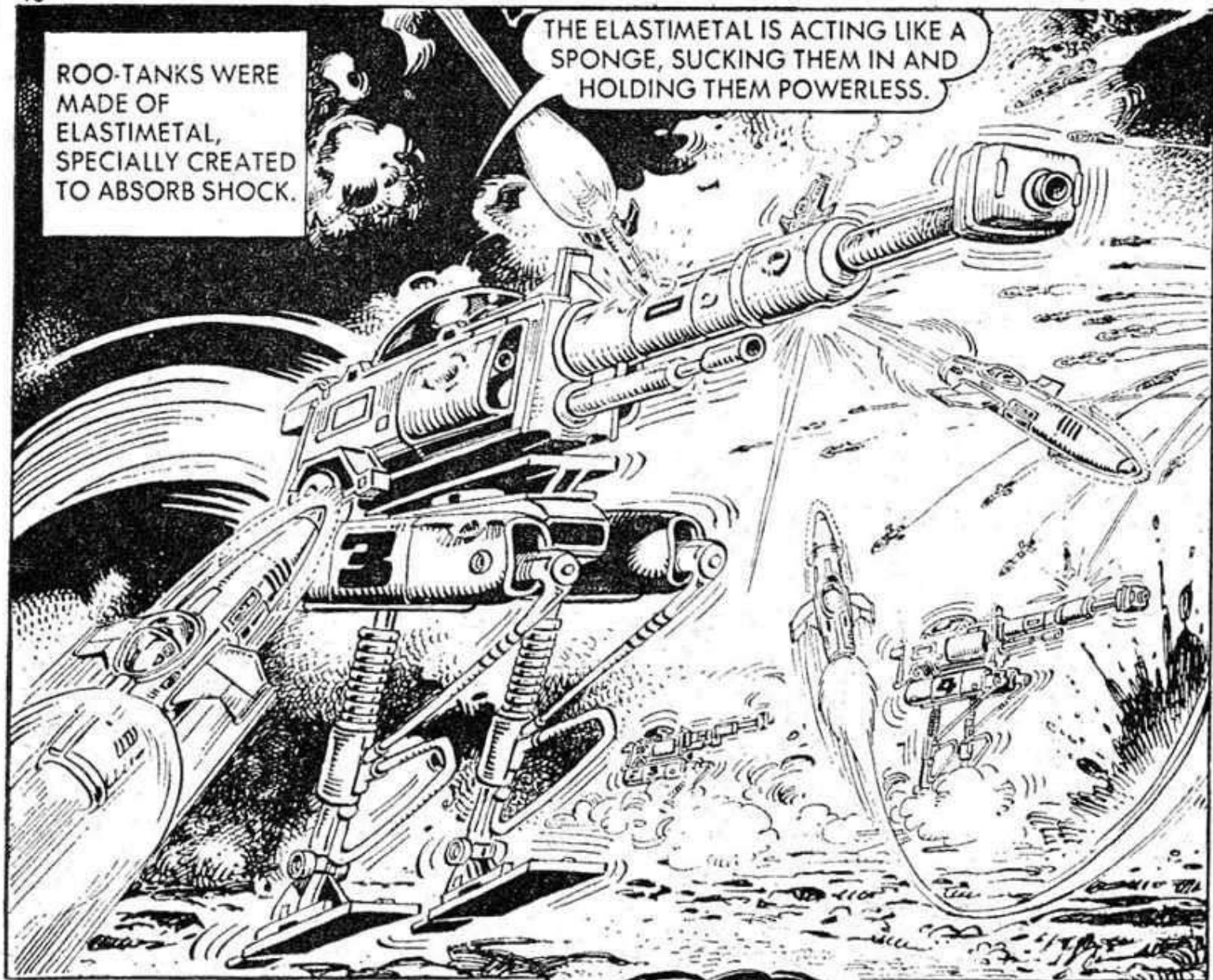
NOW THEIR AIR COVER IS
DEPLETED WE CAN MOVE ON.

BUT THE TASTAC RAMDROIDS
CAME IN THEIR HUNDREDS —

THERE'S TOO MANY! WE'VE NO
DEFENCE AGAINST THEM. CABIN
SHIELDS DOWN.

ROO-TANKS WERE
MADE OF
ELASTIMETAL,
SPECIALLY CREATED
TO ABSORB SHOCK.

THE ELASTIMETAL IS ACTING LIKE A
SPONGE, SUCKING THEM IN AND
HOLDING THEM POWERLESS.



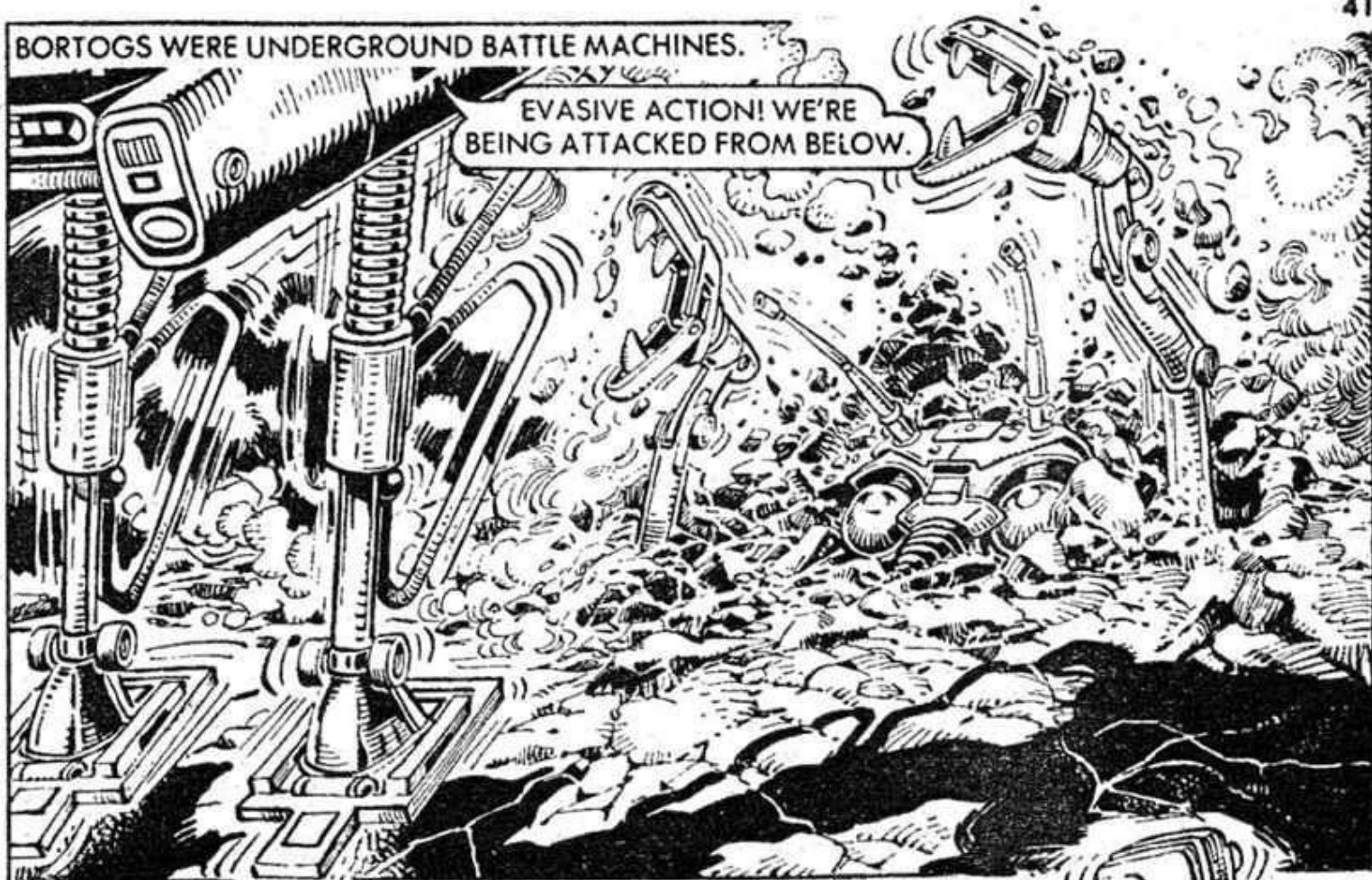
AGAIN WE HAVE DELAYED THEM
IN THEIR EFFORTS. ARE THE
BORTOGS IN POSITION?

YES! THEY WILL EMERGE
IN A FEW MOMENTS.



BORTOGS WERE UNDERGROUND BATTLE MACHINES.

EVASIVE ACTION! WE'RE
BEING ATTACKED FROM BELOW.



THE BORTOGS STRUCK SWIFTLY ...

HOP LEGS TOTALLY
INCAPACITATED ... SHIELDS DOWN.



A SPRAY OF DEADLY ORGANIC ACID DISSOLVED THE ELASTIMETAL AND QUICKLY KILLED THE CREWS.

THEY ARE BEATEN. OUR DEFENCE IS SUCCESSFUL.



THE THREE GENETIC GENERALS DISCUSSED THE DILEMMA.

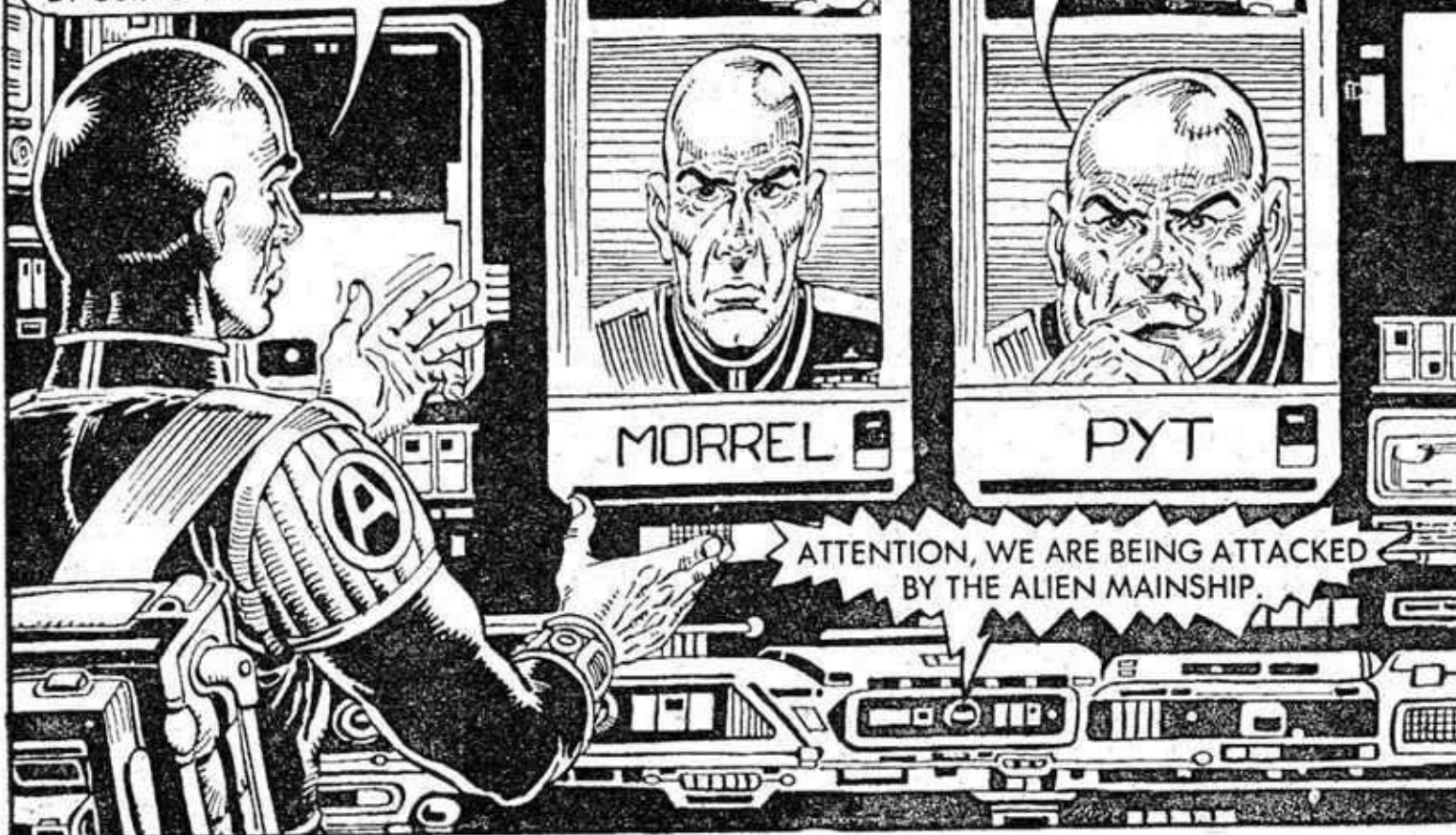
NOVA 3

WITH OUR COVVENTIONAL WEAPONS EXHAUSTED OUR ONLY CHANCE OF WINNING IS BY USING THE NOVA GUNS...

IF WE USE THOSE WE'LL WIPE ALL LIFE FROM OPREL, WE'LL DESTROY OUR CHANCES OF STOPPING THE MISSILES.



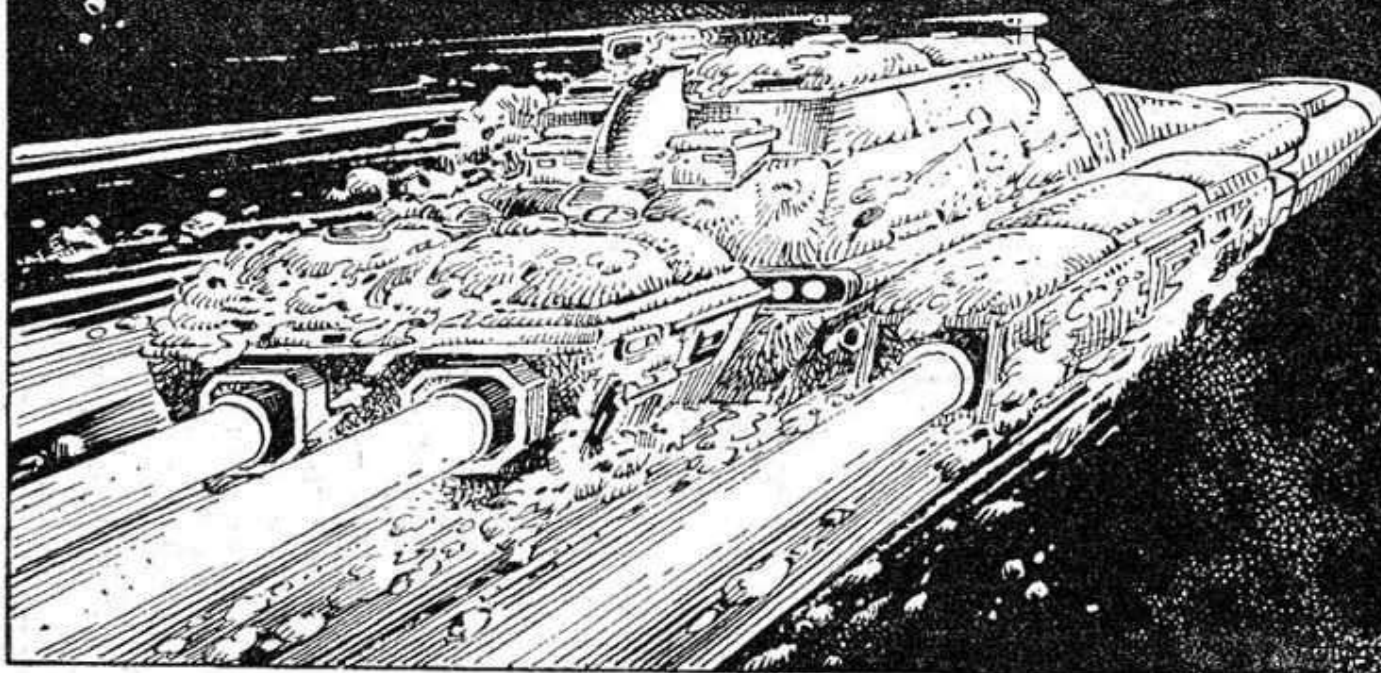
ATTENTION, WE ARE BEING ATTACKED BY THE ALIEN MAINSHIP.



CONFIDENT THAT THE NOVA CRUISERS WOULD WIN THE FIGHT, GENERAL SCOTT TRIED TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE MAINSHIP.

ALIEN MAINSHIP APPROACHING AT LATCH TWO — NO SIGN OF LASER WEAPONRY OR MISSILES.

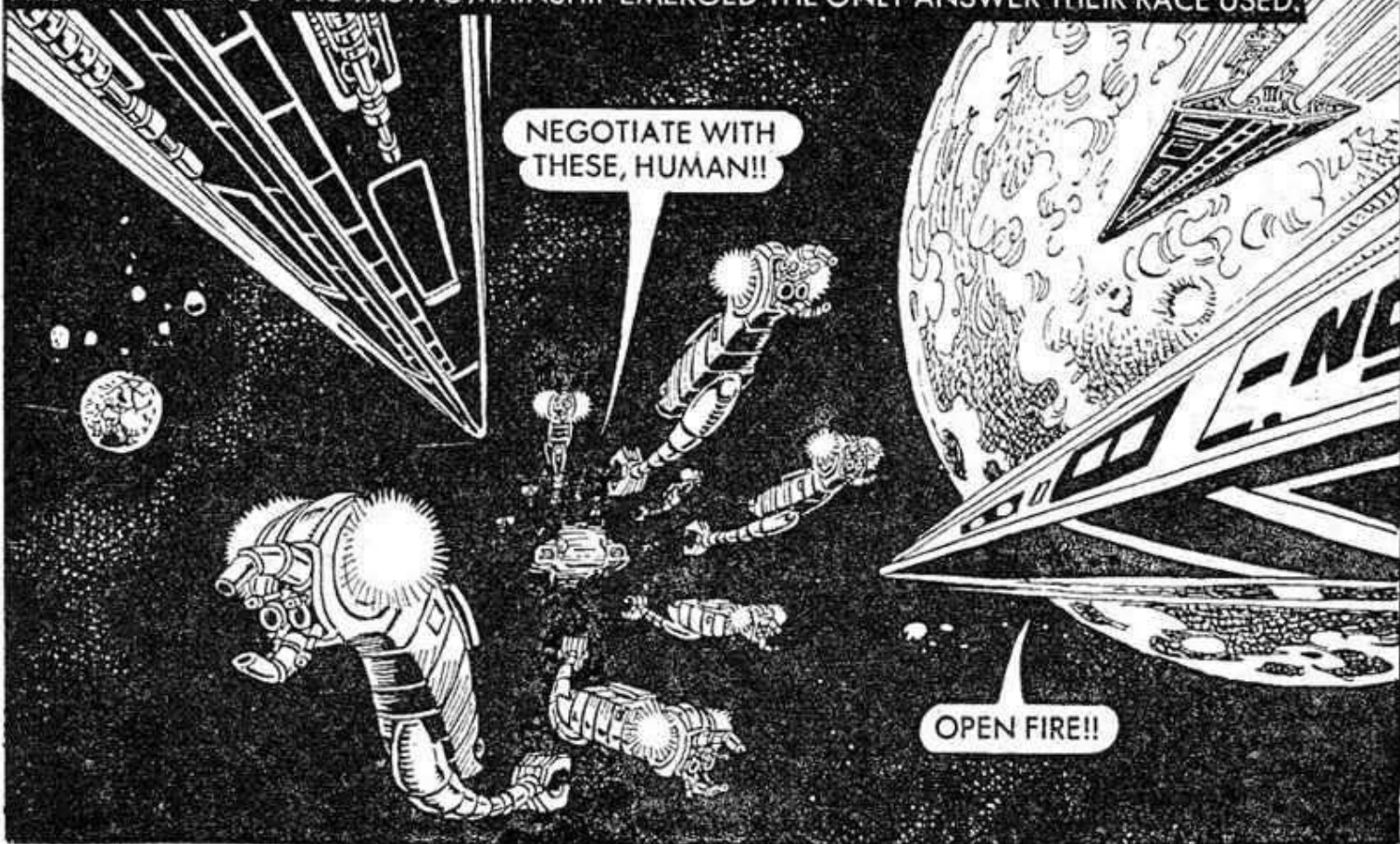
GENERAL SCOTT TO ALIEN CRAFT,
DO YOU WISH TO NEGOTIATE?



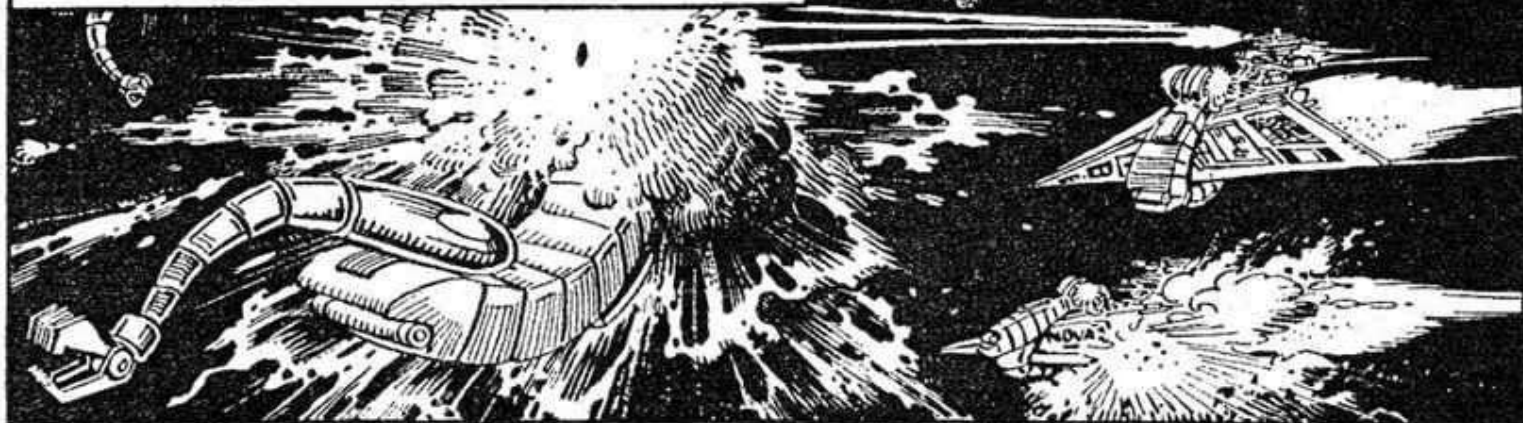
FROM THE REAR OF THE TASTAC MAINSHIP EMERGED THE ONLY ANSWER THEIR RACE USED.

NEGOTIATE WITH
THESE, HUMAN!!

OPEN FIRE!!

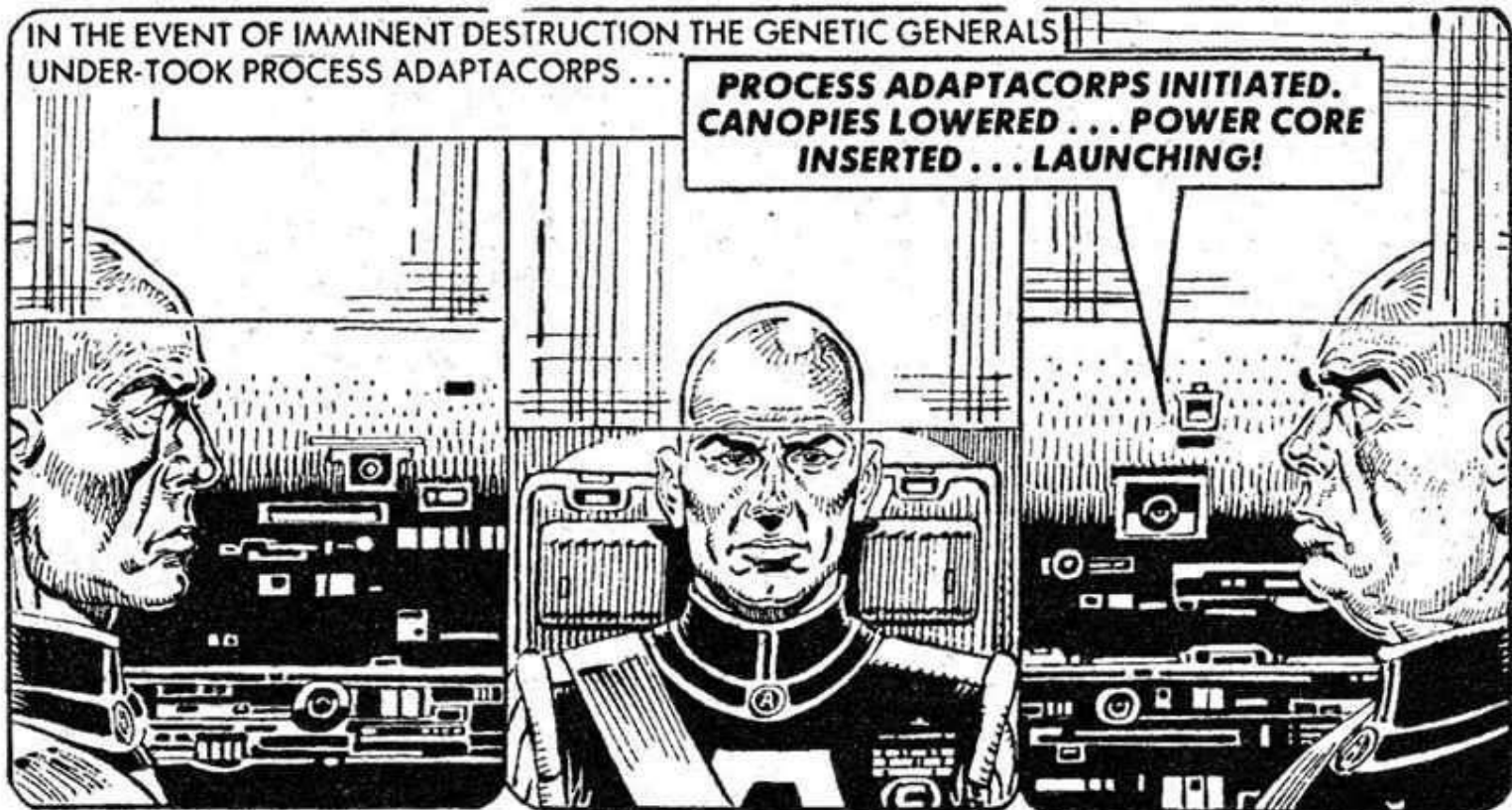


COMPUTER BATTLE ESTIMATE: DEFENCE SYSTEMS NOT DESIGNED TO ELIMINATE THIS FORM OF ATTACK. SUGGESTION: INITIATE SEQUENCE ADAPTACORPS.



IN THE EVENT OF IMMINENT DESTRUCTION THE GENETIC GENERALS
UNDER-TOOK PROCESS ADAPTACORPS ...

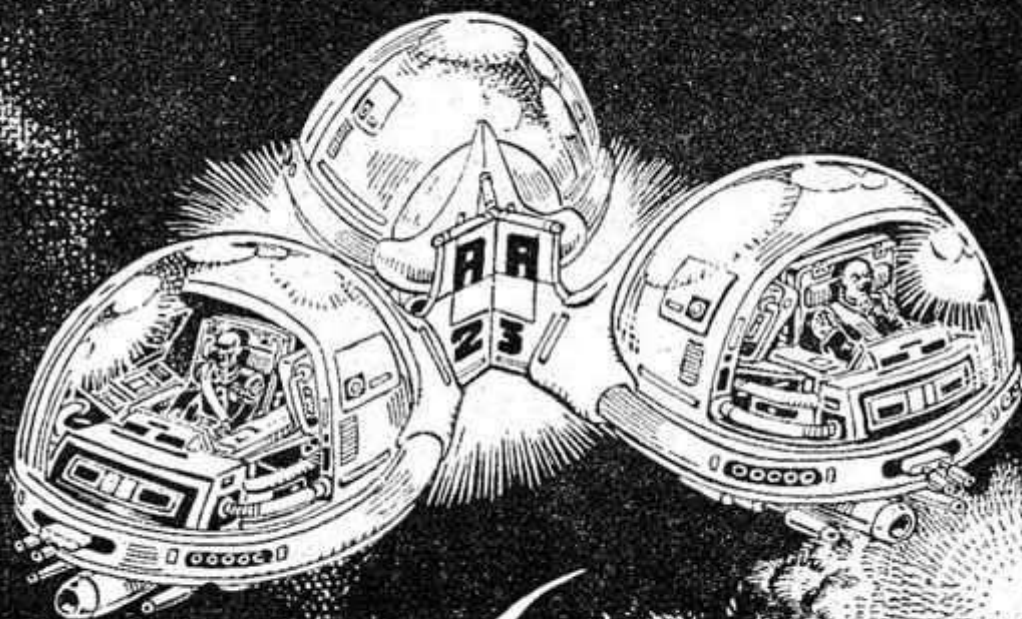
**PROCESS ADAPTACORPS INITIATED.
CANOPIES LOWERED ... POWER CORE
INSERTED ... LAUNCHING!**



SIMULTANEOUSLY THE GENERALS WERE EJECTED —

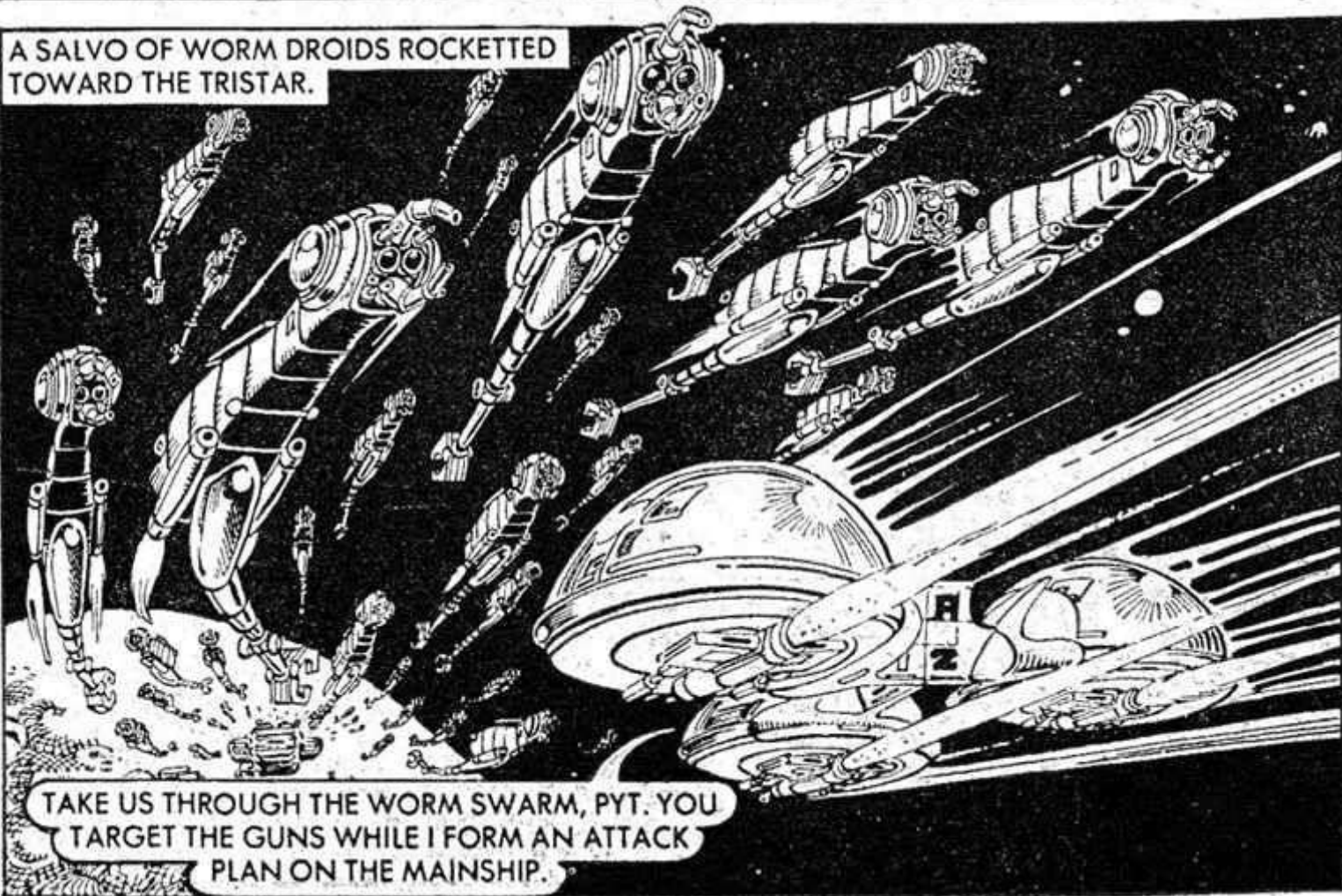


THE THREE ESCAPE CRAFT LOCKED TOGETHER TO FORM A SINGLE SHIP — TRISTAR.



TASTAC MAINSHIP BEARING .03 AT
LATCH TWELVE. NOVA GUNS OPERATIVE.

A SALVO OF WORM DROIDS ROCKETED
TOWARD THE TRISTAR.



TAKE US THROUGH THE WORM SWARM, PYT. YOU
TARGET THE GUNS WHILE I FORM AN ATTACK
PLAN ON THE MAINSHIP.

TRISTAR MADE EASY WORK OF THE MACHINES.

DROIDS DESTROYED. TASTAC SHIP
AT THREE TAKIONS. ATTACK PLAN?

I'VE LOCATED A SOFT SPOT JUST
IN FRONT OF THEIR ENGINES.

THOUGH POWERFUL, THE MAINSHIP'S GUN TURRETS HAD DECAYED WITH AGE AND THE
TRISTAR HAD AN EASY TIME AVOIDING THEM.

TARGET IN RANGE,
FIRE WEAPONS.

TRISTAR'S GUNS HIT THEIR TARGET, BUT THE RESULT WAS DISAPPOINTING.

WE'VE HIT EMPTY SPACE, PROBABLY CARGO
HOLDS. NO WONDER IT WASN'T WELL
PROTECTED.

THEIR VITAL AREAS ARE TOO WELL
ARMoured FOR OUR GUNS TO DO ANY
DAMAGE. I SUGGEST A DIRECT ATTACK
ON THEIR ENGINE EXHAUSTS.

INSIDE THE MAINSHIP ARLOW DECIDED TO MAKE HIS MOVE . . .



FIRING BOOSTERS!





ARLOW QUICKLY CONTACTED THE TRISTAR —

NO TIME TO EXPLAIN... I'M OPENING THE CARGO DOORS NOW, JUST COME IN.



ARLOW SENT A FALSE MESSAGE —

MAINSHIP PILOT TO KAMIS, MISSION ACCOMPLISHED. ALL ENEMY CRAFT ARE DESTROYED.



VICTORIOUS TASTAC TROOPS, ALL NOW-POSSESSED DEAD TERRANS, WATCHED THE MAINSHIP DESCEND.

WITH SURPRISE ON YOUR SIDE YOUR CHANCES OF SUCCESS ARE MUCH GREATER. I'M OPENING THE CARGO DOORS NOW, GOOD LUCK.

THE TRISTAR SWEEP OUT, FIRING —

THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT'S HIT THEM!
THERE'S ONLY HALF A LATCH TO THE
CONTROL CENTRE.

IT'S NOT OVER YET. SCAN DETECTS
ENEMY FIGHTERS CLOSING IN ON US.

THE RAMMERS WERE MUCH FASTER THAN TRISTAR WHEN FLYING IN ATMOSPHERE —

THEY'LL SHRED US!

SEPARATE!

WITH THE SECTIONS SEPARATE THEIR CHANCES WERE INCREASED THREEFOLD.

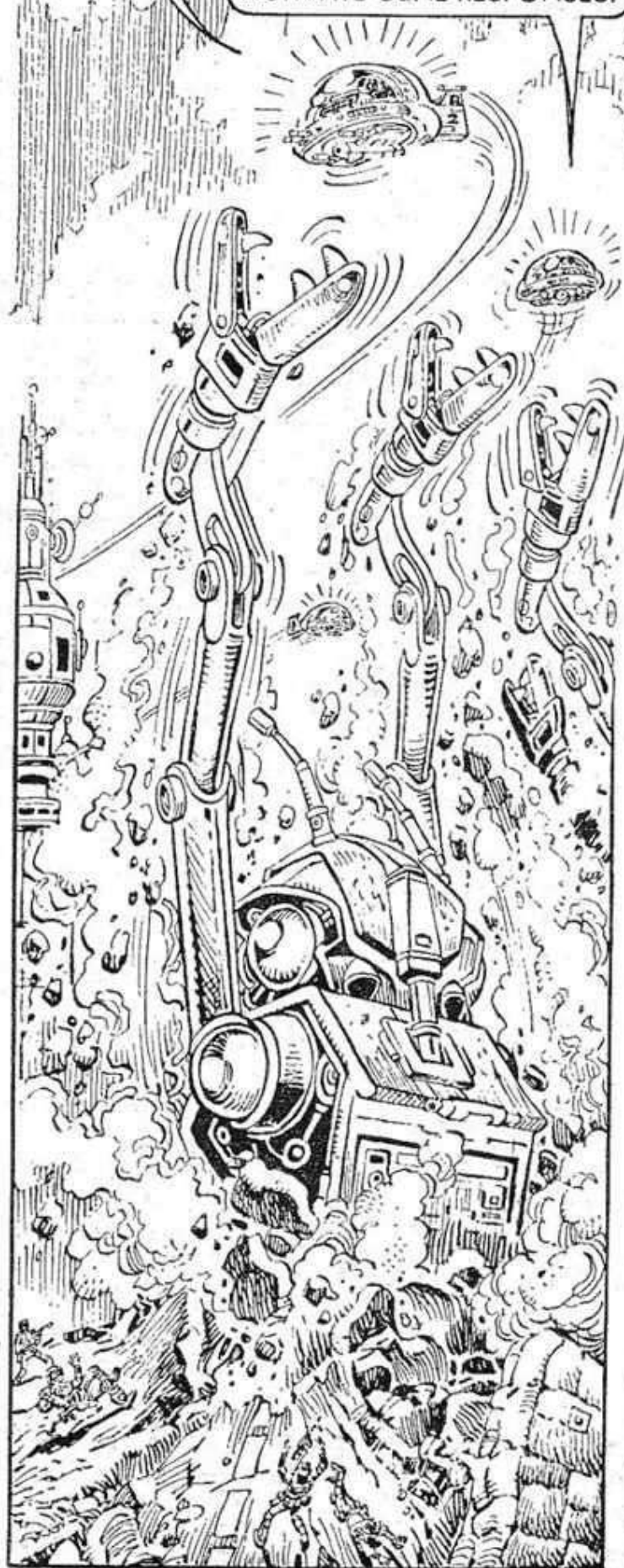
IF ALL THEY CAN THROW AT US NOW IS SMALL ARMS FIRE, THEN WE'VE SUCCEEDED.

THERE'S STILL ONE THING THEY HAVEN'T THROWN AT US ...

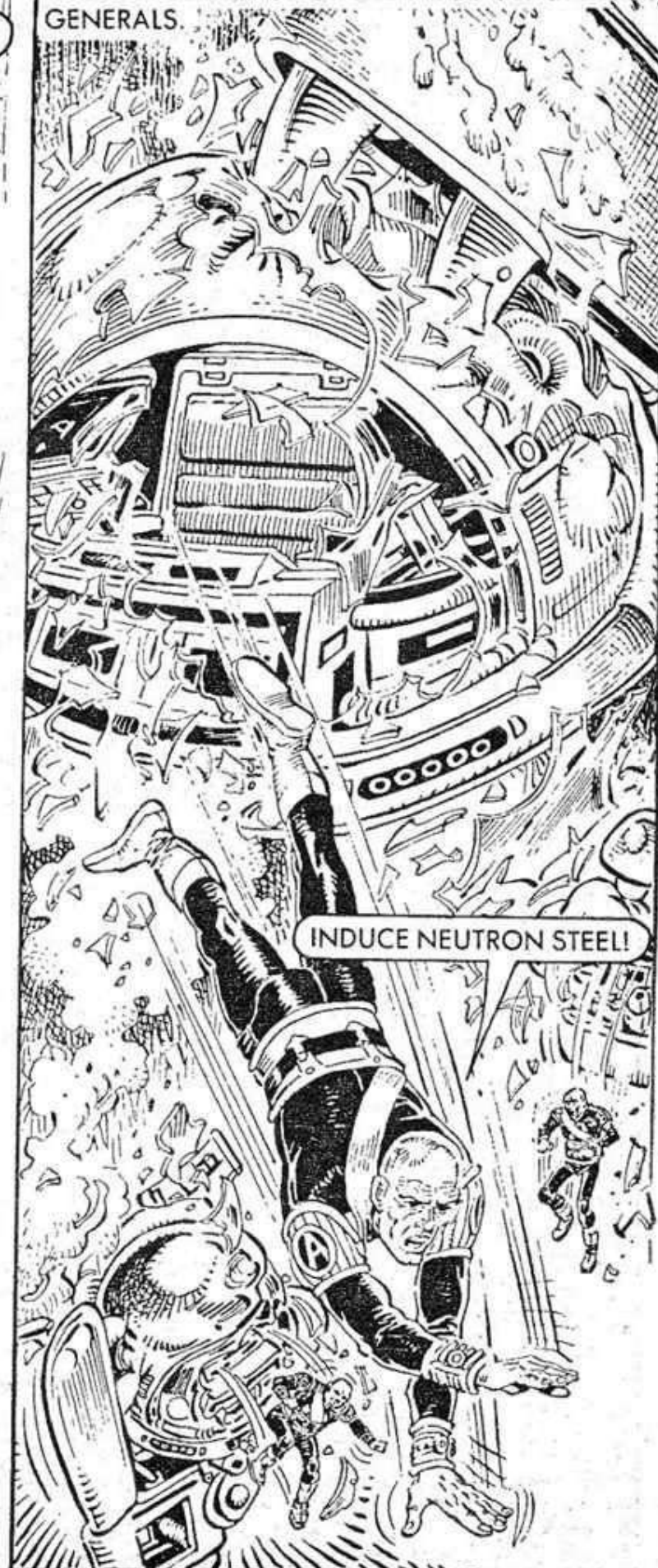


... BORTOGS!!!

TOO LATE TO AVOID!
ACTIVATE GENE RESPONSES.



AS THE BORTOGS TORE THE SECTIONS APART,
A DRAMATIC CHANGE TOOK PLACE IN THE
CHEMICAL MAKE-UP OF THE THREE GENETIC
GENERALS.



ADAPTACORPS GENERALS WERE GENETICALLY ENGINEERED TO BECOME A VARIETY OF SUBSTANCES, ADAPTING THEM TO ANY FORM OF WARFARE.



OUR PINNERS WILL TEAR
YOU LIMB FROM LIMB!



AS NEUTRON STEEL, NORMAL METAL
BECOMES LIKE PAPER IN OUR HANDS.

WE'RE WASTING TIME — THOSE MISSILES
WILL HIT EARTH WITHIN THE HOUR.

THE GENE MACHINES DETECTED THE RAMDROIDS —



TURN TO
DIAMOND CRYSTAL!

DIAMOND CRYSTAL WAS AN ARTIFICIAL FORM OF DIAMOND
"GROWN" TO INCREDIBLE HARDNESS —



KAMIS WAS FAR FROM DISTRESSED AT SEEING ADAPTACORPS.

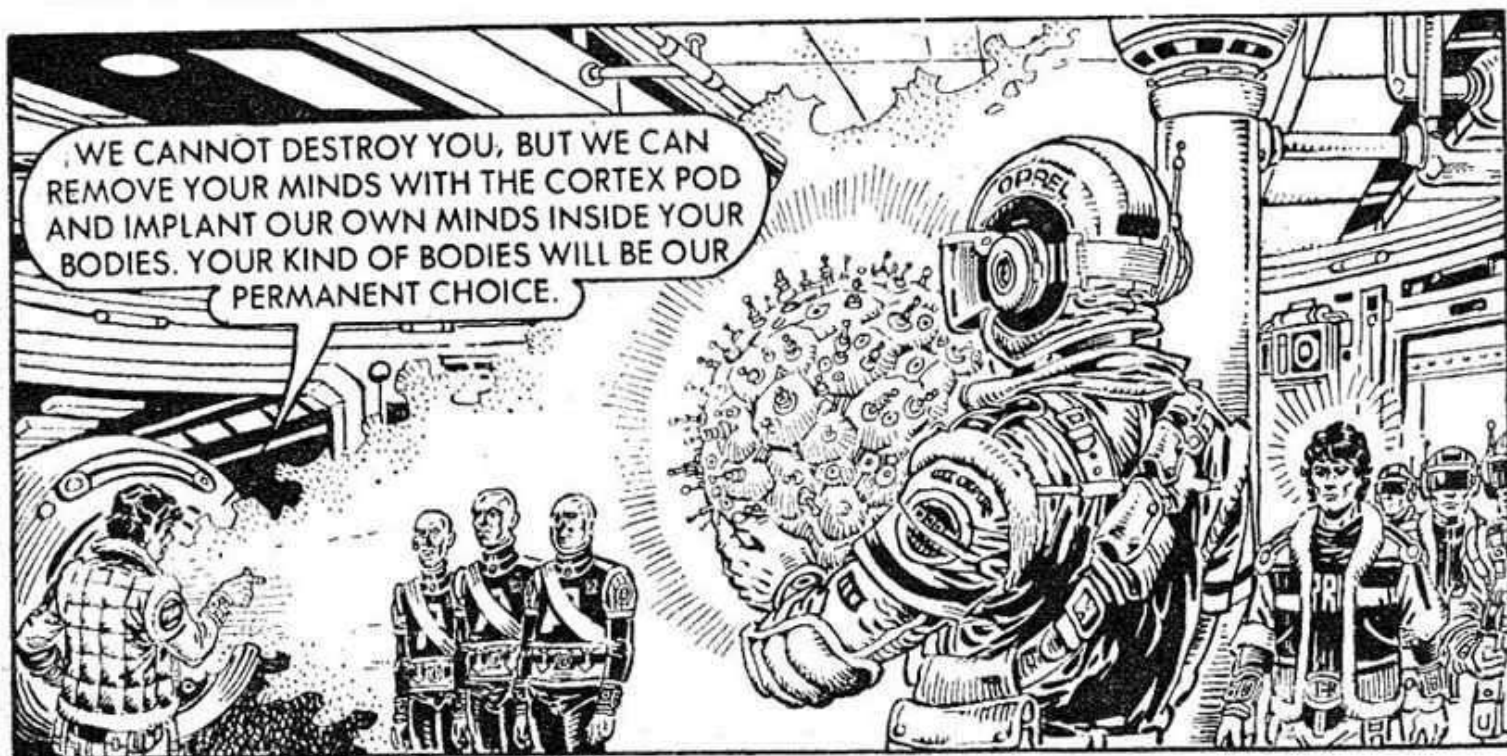


TRAPPED WITHIN A STASIS FIELD, THE GENERALS RECEIVED
THE SECOND PART OF THE SURPRISE —

THIS BOMB WILL
FINISH YOU OFF!

STASIS GENERATOR! WE CAN
MOVE INSIDE THE FIELD, BUT CAN'T
GET OUT OF IT.

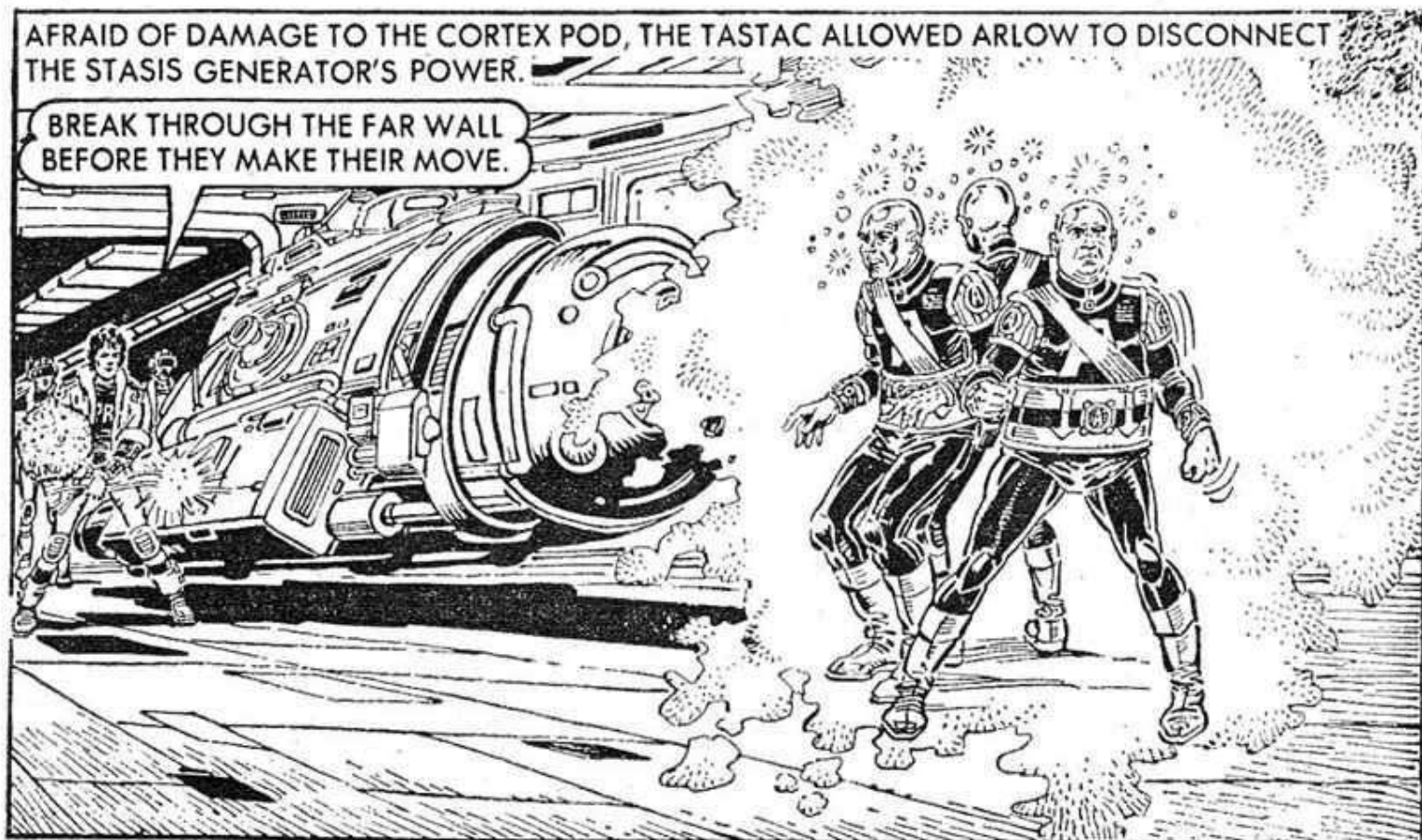
WE CANNOT DESTROY YOU, BUT WE CAN
REMOVE YOUR MINDS WITH THE CORTEX POD
AND IMPLANT OUR OWN MINDS INSIDE YOUR
BODIES. YOUR KIND OF BODIES WILL BE OUR
PERMANENT CHOICE.





AFRAID OF DAMAGE TO THE CORTEX POD, THE TASTAC ALLOWED ARLOW TO DISCONNECT THE STASIS GENERATOR'S POWER.

BREAK THROUGH THE FAR WALL BEFORE THEY MAKE THEIR MOVE.

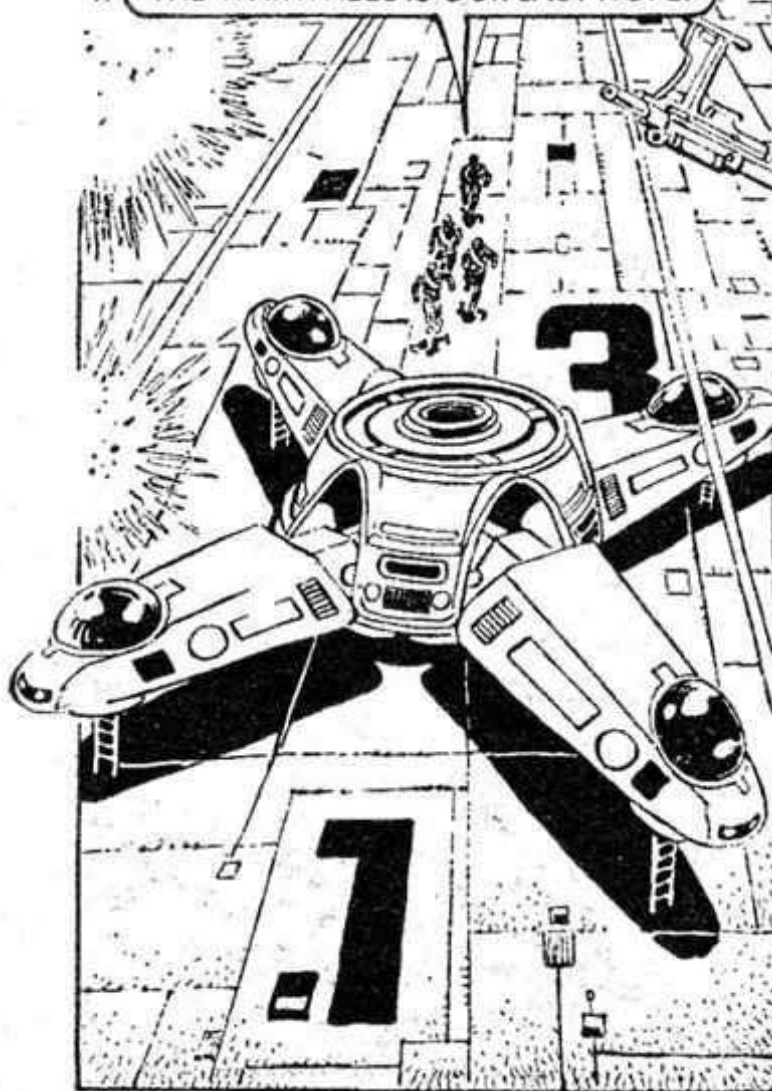




THE CONFUSION GAVE THE MEN A LITTLE EXTRA TIME.



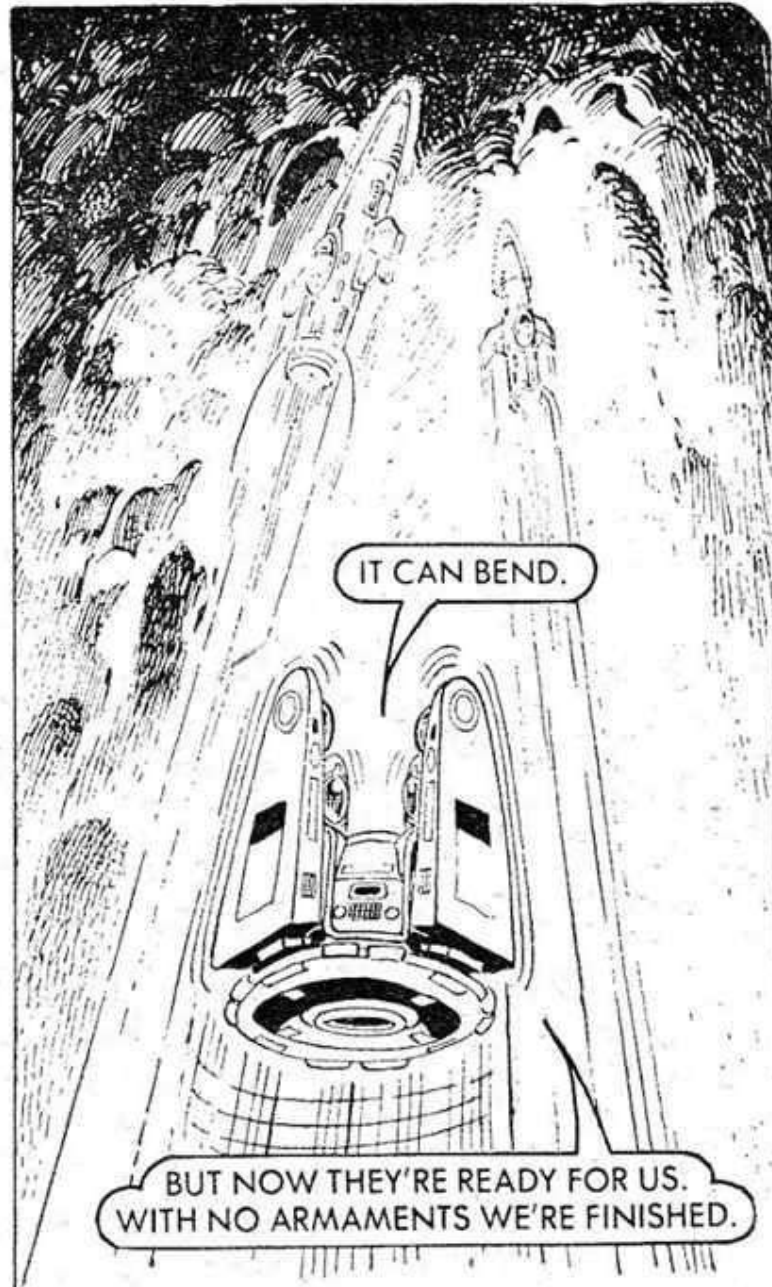
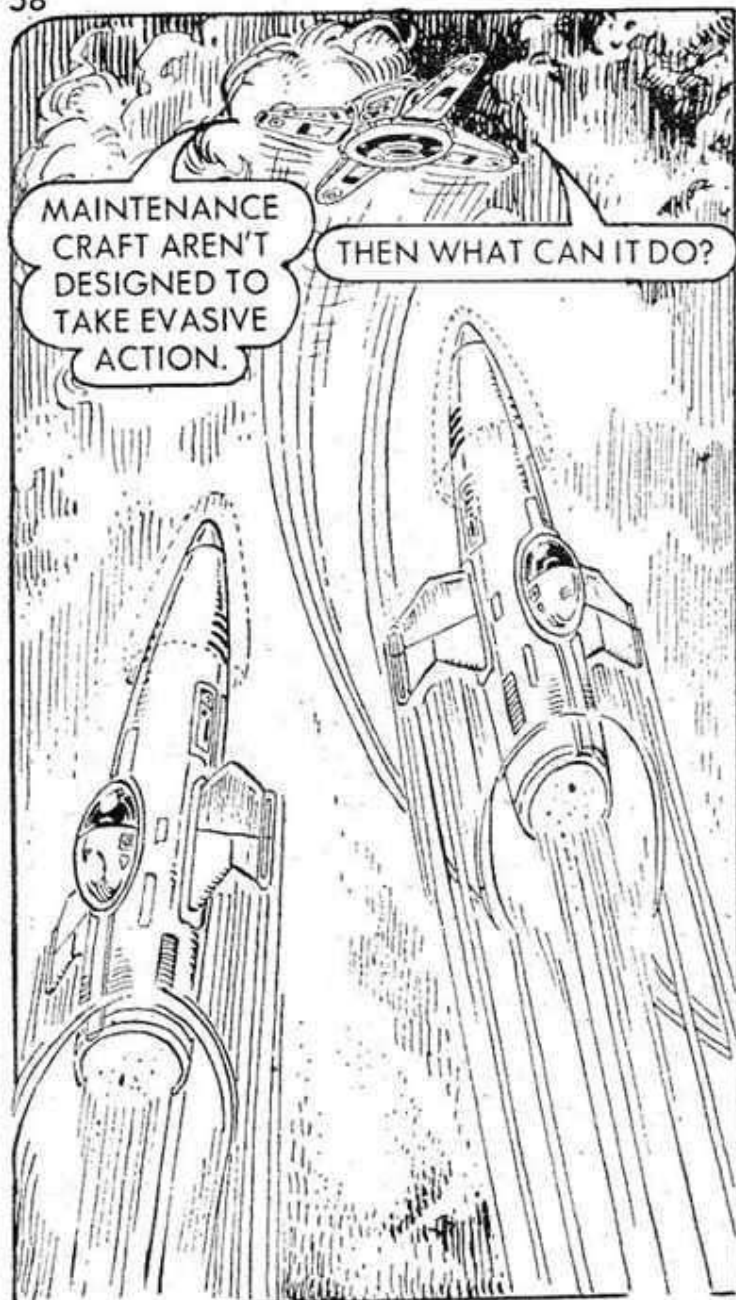
GET ABOARD THE MAINTENANCE CRAFT — THE WARWHEEL IS OUR LAST HOPE.



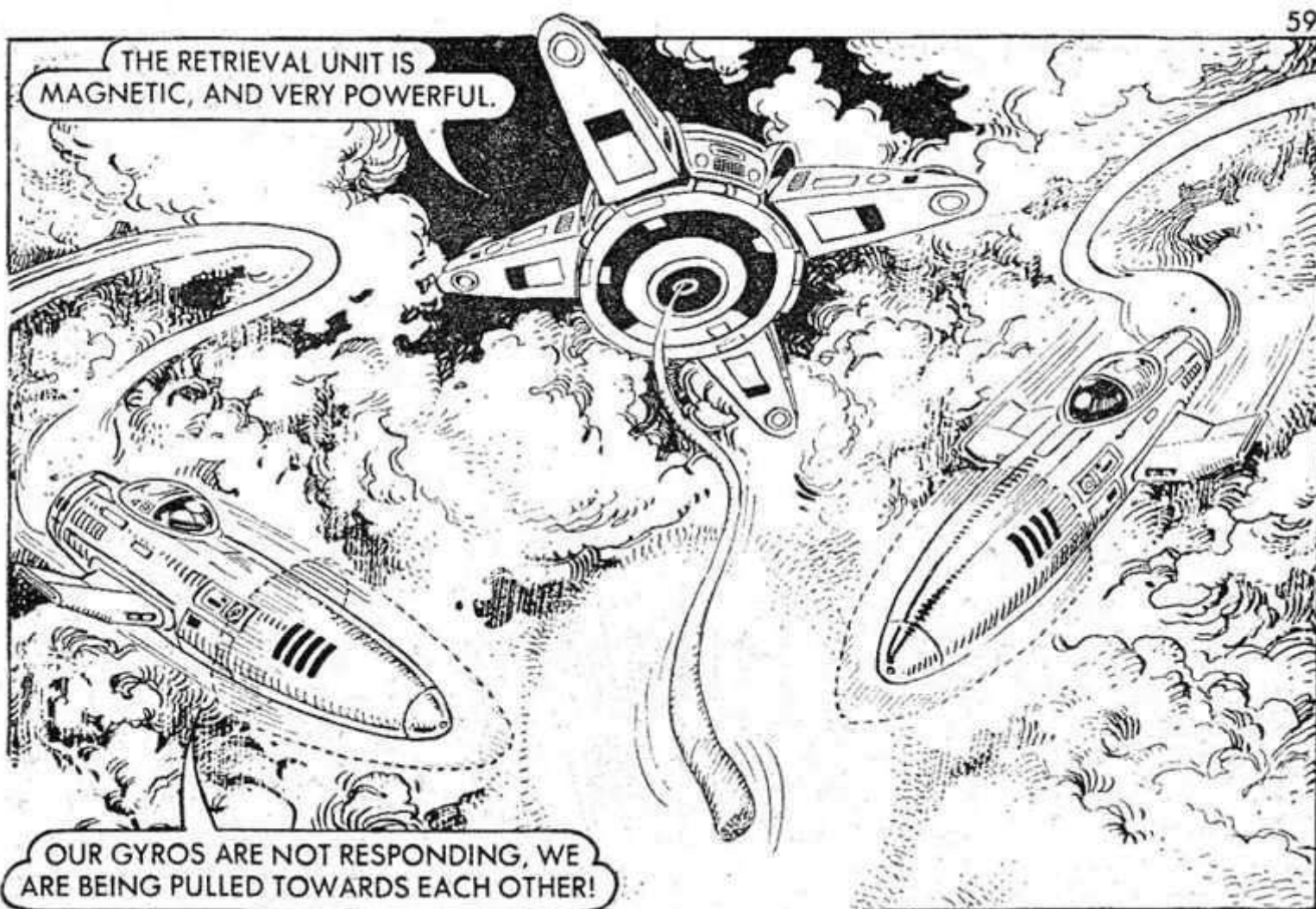
THE MAINTENANCE CRAFT LEAPT INTO THE AIR —

I'M PUTTING THE ANTIGRAV POWER ON FULL REJECTION, WE'LL REACH THE WARWHEEL IN MOMENTS.





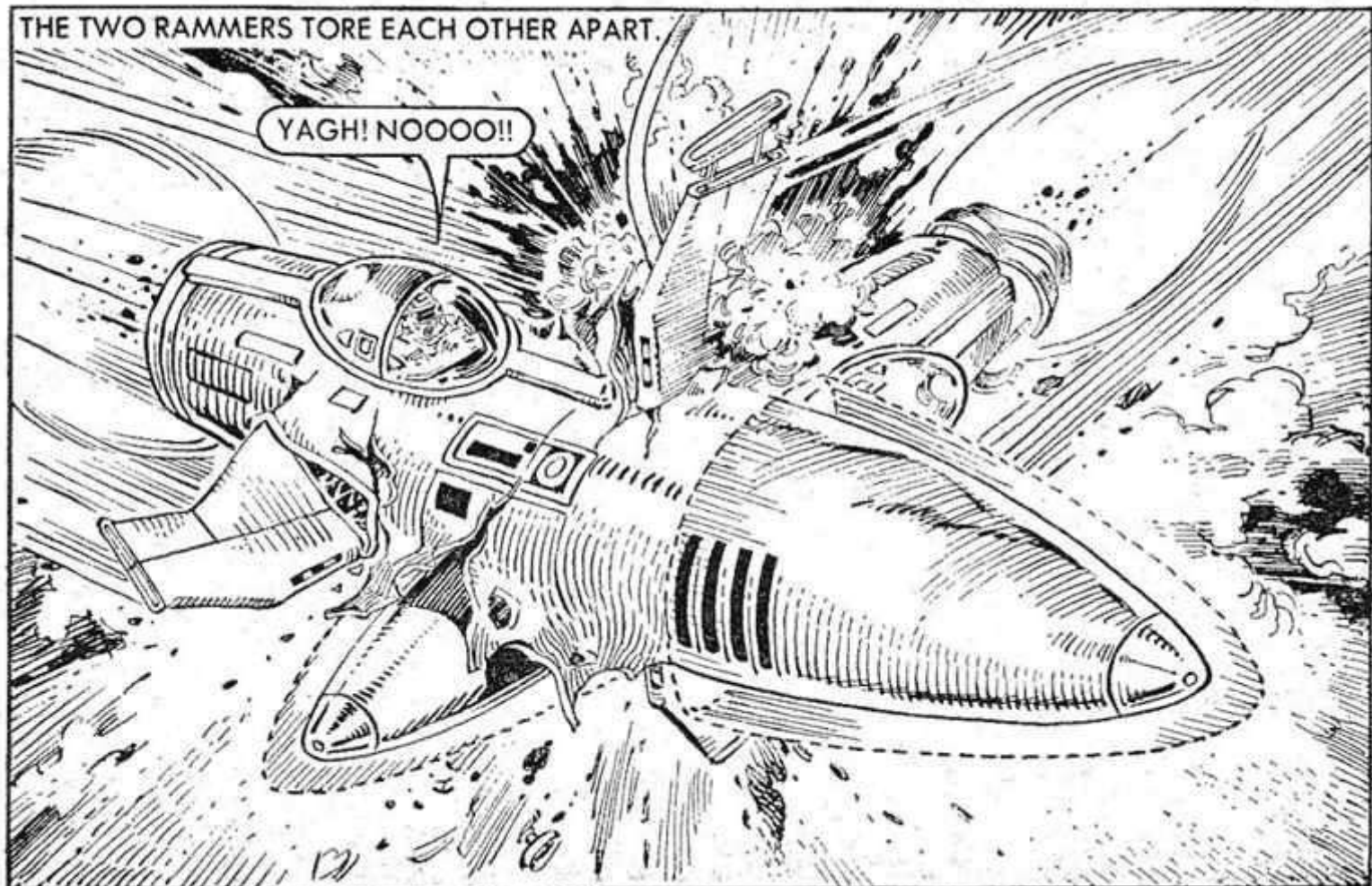
THE RETRIEVAL UNIT IS
MAGNETIC, AND VERY POWERFUL.



OUR GYROS ARE NOT RESPONDING, WE
ARE BEING PULLED TOWARDS EACH OTHER!

THE TWO RAMMERS TORE EACH OTHER APART.

YAGH! NOOOO!!



ONCE THE MAINTENANCE CRAFT HAD REACHED SPACE IT WAS SAFE FROM RAMMER ATTACK, AND THE JOURNEY TO THE WARWHEEL WAS TROUBLE FREE.

IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME I'LL SHOW YOU THE COMPUTER.

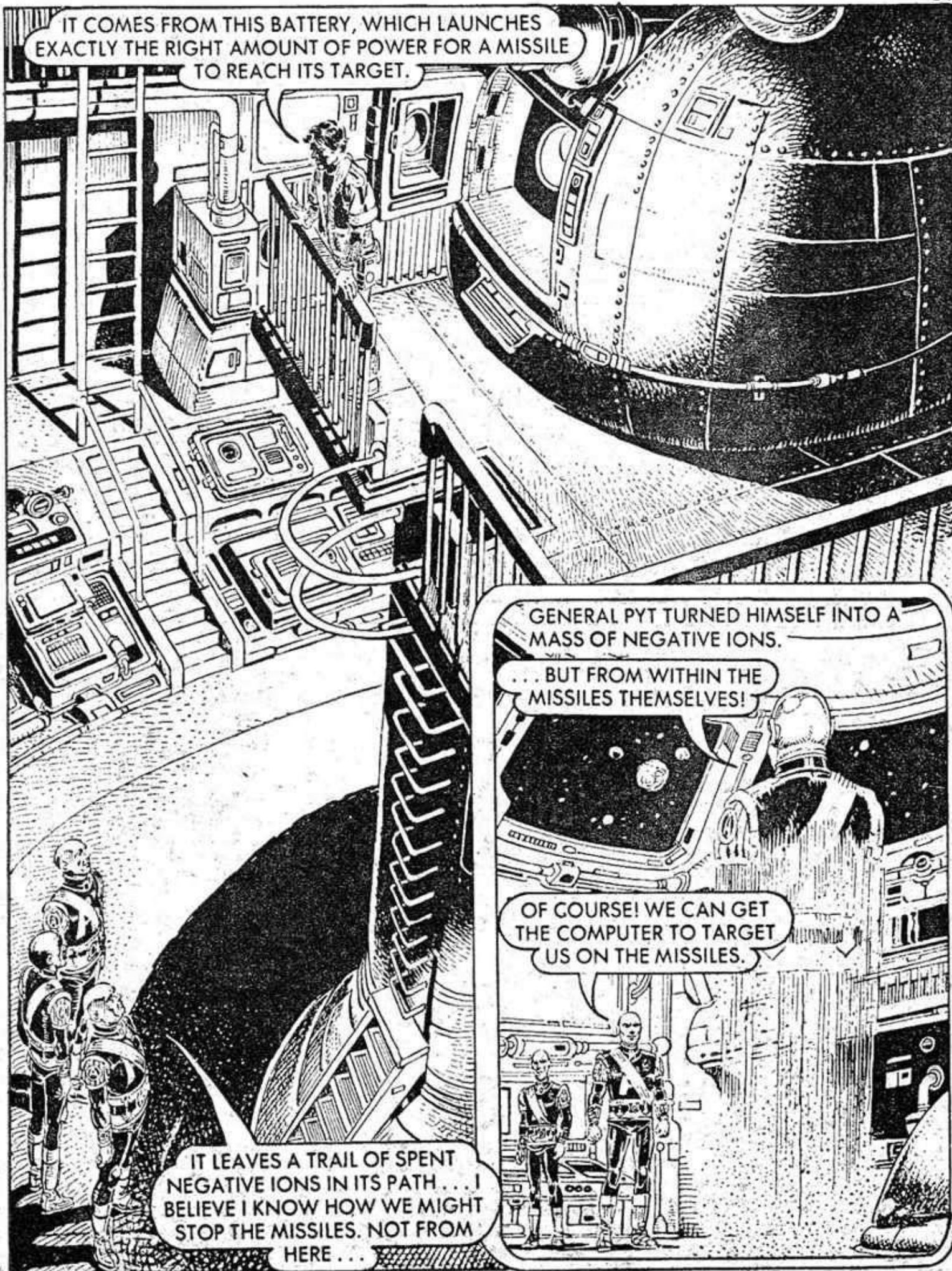
WE'D LIKE A RUNDOWN ON HOW THE WARWHEEL OPERATES.

THE COMPUTER CORE WAS A HUGE COMPLEX.

OLD GALACTIC MISSILES CARRIED THEIR FUEL ON BOARD, SO REDUCING THEIR EXPLOSIVE CAPACITY. WARWHEEL MISSILES ARE POWERED BY ONE SINGLE CHARGE OF NEGATIVE IONS WHICH REQUIRES NO ENGINE.

SO WHERE DOES THE ION CHARGE COME FROM?

IT COMES FROM THIS BATTERY, WHICH LAUNCHES
EXACTLY THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF POWER FOR A MISSILE
TO REACH ITS TARGET.



GENERAL PYT TURNED HIMSELF INTO A
MASS OF NEGATIVE IONS.

... BUT FROM WITHIN THE
MISSILES THEMSELVES!

OF COURSE! WE CAN GET
THE COMPUTER TO TARGET
US ON THE MISSILES.

IT LEAVES A TRAIL OF SPENT
NEGATIVE IONS IN ITS PATH ... I
BELIEVE I KNOW HOW WE MIGHT
STOP THE MISSILES. NOT FROM
HERE ...

IN THE FORM OF NEGATIVE ION ENERGY, THE GENETIC GENERALS STOOD IN THE THREE VACANT MISSILED SILOS.

ATTENTION, COMPUTER, THIS IS SCIENCE OFFICER ARLOW WATT. YOU WILL ADOPT A TRAJECTORY OF 5.77 HOCYCLES FOR SILOS ONE TO THREE...

NEURO-SCAN IDENTIFIES YOU, OFFICER WATT. FIRING SEQUENCE INITIATED...

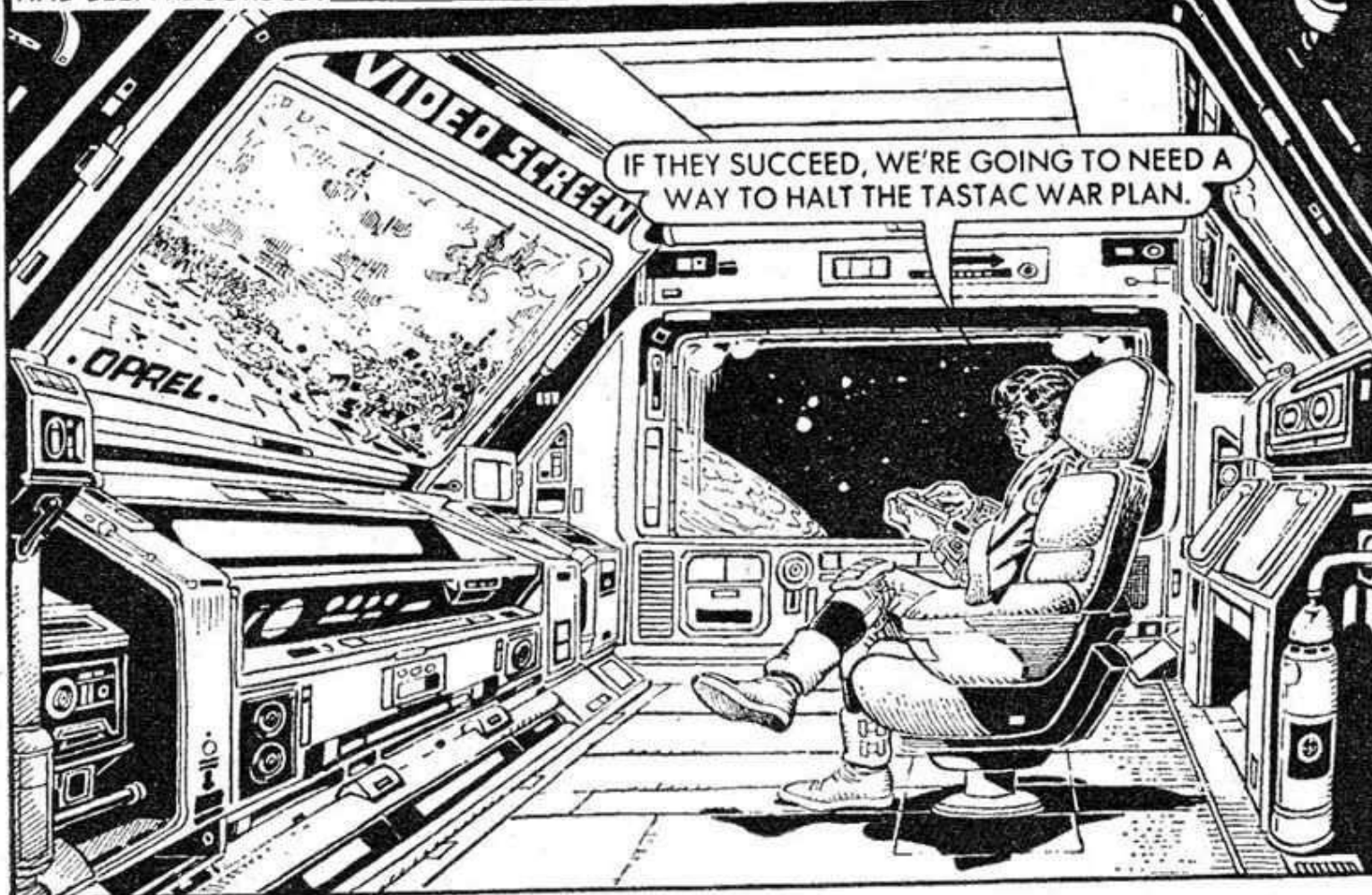
ARLOW WATCHED AS THE TRIO WERE LAUNCHED ON THE MISSILE PATHS.

COMPUTER, YOU WILL NOW DISARM WARWHEEL WEAPONRY AND ADOPT RADIO SILENCE UNTIL I CHANGE THE ORDER.

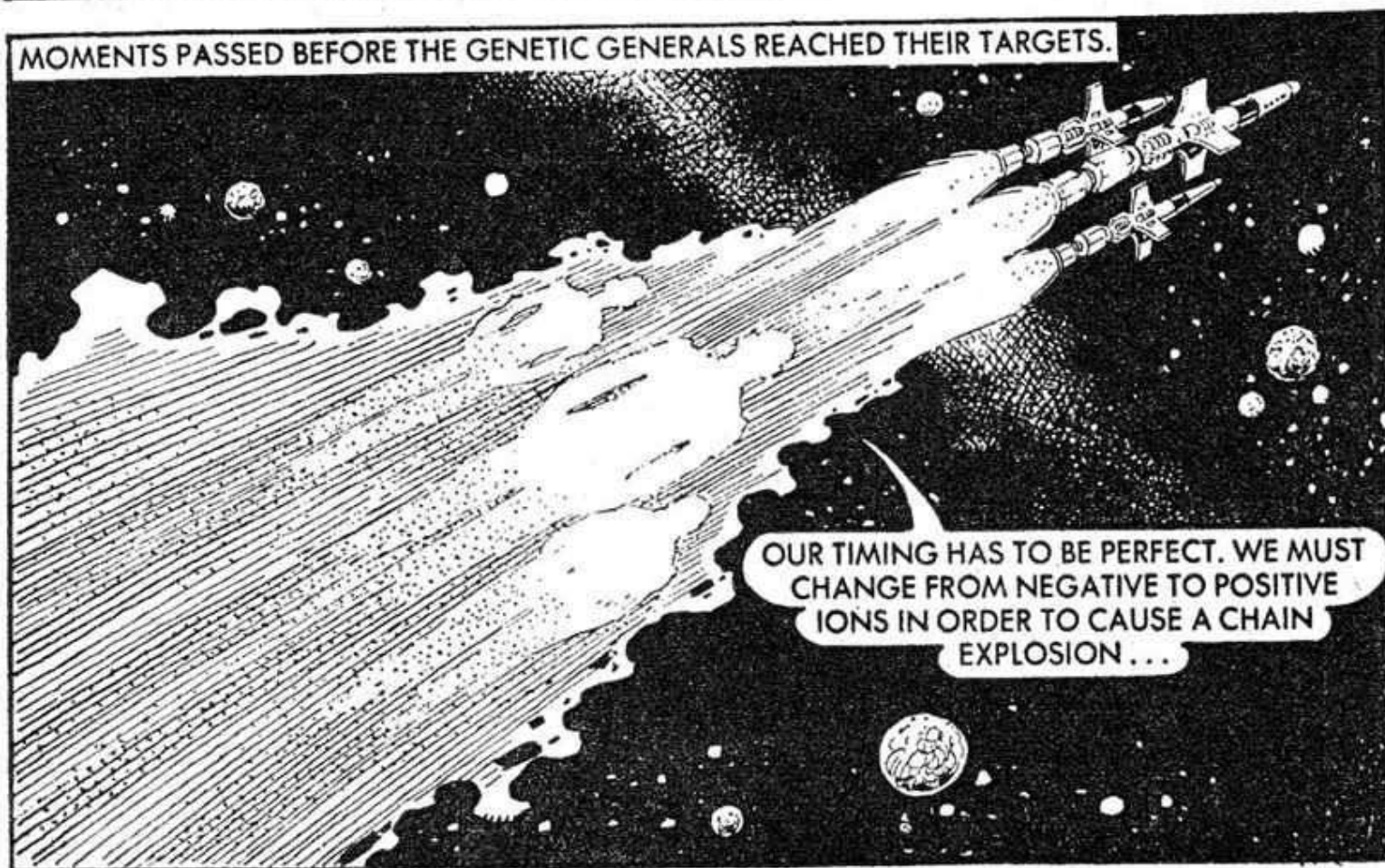
AFFIRMATIVE.

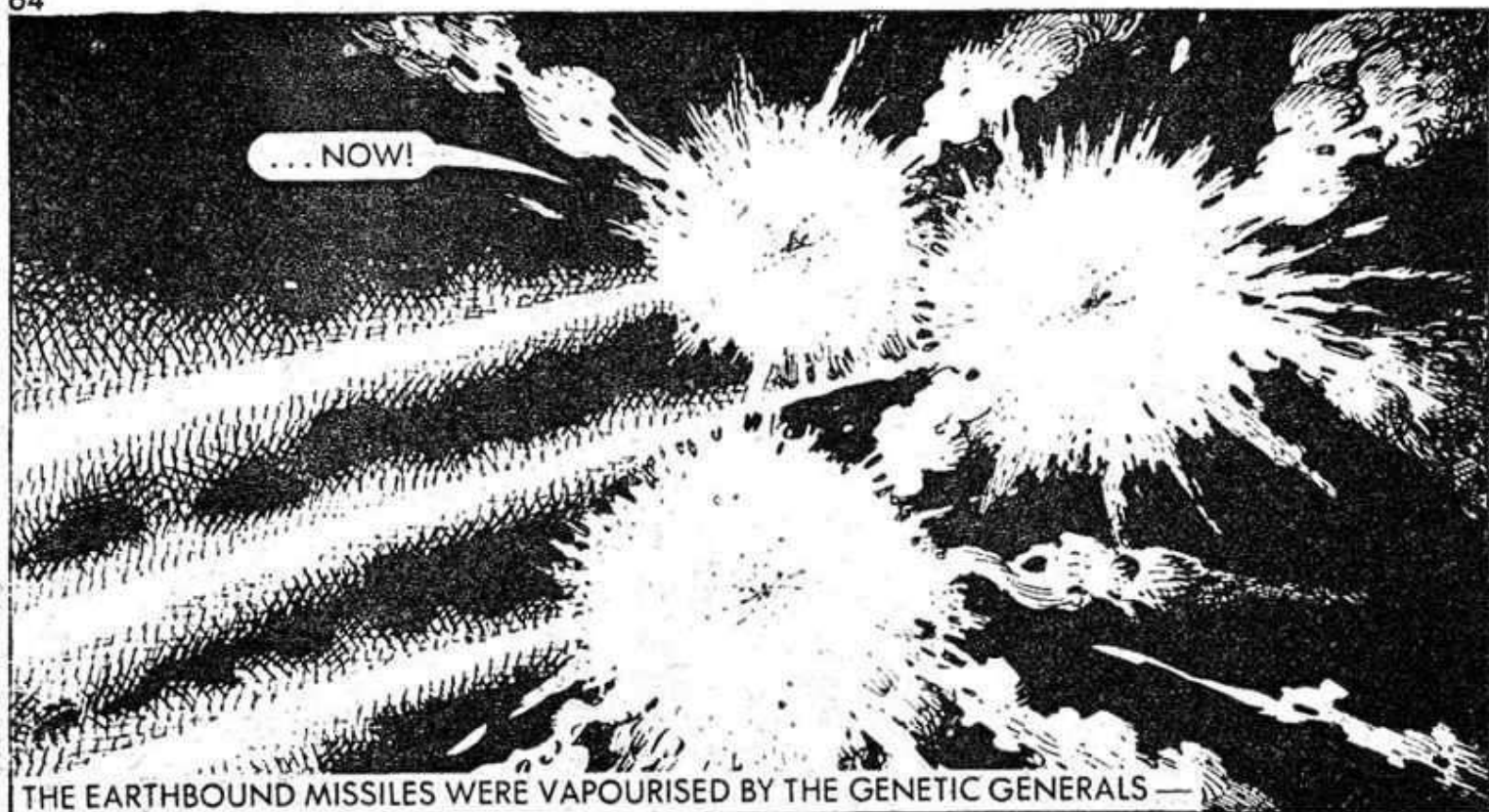
SCANNER

ARLOW LOOKED INTO THE WARWHEEL'S OBSERVATION REELS WHERE THE EARLIER BATTLE HAD BEEN RECORDED.



MOMENTS PASSED BEFORE THE GENETIC GENERALS REACHED THEIR TARGETS.





A PATROL CRAFT SOON ARRIVED —



ARLOW WAS RESCUED FROM THE WARWHEEL AND AT ONCE A CONTAINMENT PLAN WAS PUT INTO OPERATION.



WE HAVE FORCED THE TASTAC TO ABANDON THE BODIES THEY INHABITED. ALL HAVE RETURNED TO THE CORTEX POD WHICH IS NOW DEEP FROZEN AND SAFE.

WHAT ABOUT THE GENETIC GENERALS!

ARLOW GOT HIS ANSWER AT THE DEFENCE MINISTRY.



STATUES!

A MONUMENT IN THEIR HONOUR. THE LEAST WE COULD DO. NOW, IF YOU'LL COME WITH ME TO THE DEBRIEFING ROOM...



BUT HAD ARLOW TURNED AT THAT POINT HE WOULD HAVE SEEN THE 'STATUES' MOVING. THE GENERALS COULD BE RECREATED FROM EVEN ONE SALVAGED CELL, AND THAT WAS WHAT THE PATROL CRAFT HAD BEEN SENT TO PICK UP. THE GENETIC GENERALS WERE ALL BUT INDESTRUCTIBLE AND ALWAYS POISED TO DO THEIR TASK.

**DON'T FORGET THIS
MONTH'S *OTHER***

STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 133

IT WAS ALIEN, HUGE AND
WOULDN'T COMMUNICATE
IT WAS ON A COLLISION
COURSE WITH EARTH, AND
THERE SEEMED NO WAY
OF STOPPING IT

**DEATH
CAME
SILENTLY!**

On sale at your newsagent's ***NOW!***



The Soyuz 9 flight engineer was Vitali Sevastyanov, 34. He stayed in space for 17 days 16 hr. 58 min. 50 sec. after a launch on June 1, 1970. He was also on Soyuz 18B, launched on May 24, 1975. This flight lasted 62 days 23 hr. 20 min. Sevastyanov is now a journalist.